MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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Editorial.

A NEW EPOCH.

If people have been told, until they refuse to believe it, that the times they live in are entirely different from the preceding ones, that is no reason for admitting that there is any the more untruth in the reiteration. It is a new era in human affairs, and it is useless to deny a fact of which every intelligent person's reflection will convince him. The closing portion of the nineteenth century is as near a creation of Time as if it had not descended from a legitimate ancestry of centuries, and were not the natural lineage of the ages that are past. Science, in its marvellous developments has not simply turned over a new and fresh leaf, it has opened a new book, on whose pages no one is reading for the first time the stories opened with which the mere records of human action are little and tame. It is impossible to comprehend the real character of the present age without first understanding some of the great facts which have been recently evolved.

Above all else, it is an electric age; that is, the methods of nature are so secret and subtle, and force in its true definition is so entirely invisible, that human conceptions of power are becoming revolutionized, and men at last acknowledge that what they once regarded as pure unreality is the greatest reality in existence. All proceeds from the spirit, and therefore what is seen of the sense is but the shadow of what is known of the spirit. But concerning that undefined and undefinable boundary line that lies between what we name the real and the unreal, we do not care to speculate; nor, indeed, would it be profitable either to ourselves or our readers. We barely approach it to touch it, in order to emphasize, so to speak, the great fact that the age we live in is a different one from its predecessors, outcome and fruit of them all as it is.

Discovery, invention, intellectual restlessness, pervades the very atmosphere we breathe. It is next to impossible to withstand the subtle but powerful influence. Surveying the agricultural field rather than the generic, one can readily see what a vast change has come over it and the spirit that governs it. The old methods have one by one been compelled to silently give way to new ones. Labor is no longer the badge of servitude, but the external activity of an inward intelligence. Invention has lifted up the condition of the agricultural laborer by making him the skillful operator of machinery and improved implements of husbandry. Chemistry has unlocked secrets of more value than the opening of all the mines of precious metals. The earth is man's, so long as he dwells upon it. He subdues, cultivates, fertilizes and renews it as if he were its true-born master.

But the age is quite as wonderful for what it promises to reveal as for what it has revealed already. More marvellous than its actual production is its potentiality. It seems as if the great secrets of time were impatient to rend their dark prison houses, and come forth to make men admire and rejoice. It seems as if Nature refused to wait any longer for man to penetrate to the heart of her mystery, and was determined to make herself known at any rate. The untrained ones, possessing only the faculty of observation in an intense degree, continually stumble on surprises which the scientific ones disdain to look for, and the result is to be seen in the wonderful results proclaimed by the Edisons and Garys of the time. Both of these men, like the chemists, work in the region which separates, or seems to separate, the real and the unreal, and are bringing to light secrets that pervade the common life of us all.

It is in view of these strange facts, which will not always be strange, that we seek to impress the necessity of looking at life and its activities in an entirely new way. This is why we have styled the present age a *new* one. The past has nothing in its whole record to show like it; the future amazes us with the unfilled promises it contains. Past carrying pales before its dazzling light. What we were accustomed to call profound and high, appears in comparison like the mere lispings of a learning which is destined to be forgotten. The very hieroglyphs of a bold antiquity are alphabetic by the side of the measureless stores of knowledge, which, on this side and that, lead us on and on until the mind loses itself in the contemplation. These are thoughts that may be dominated by the man who walks his acres as well as by the one who pursues his studies at midnight. The farmer, in fact, is in a better position to realize these new and grand truths than the recluse, for he is outwardly and inwardly in closest sympathy with nature, and no one more than he is a child in her lap, continually putting her questions. He is at once chemist, botanist, discoverer, and philosopher, and is free at all times to wrest the secrets of the universe. If any man should be abreast with the age, it is preeminently he. If any ought to be familiar, by very instinct, with the laws which operate alike in the clod and the starbeam, it is the one who knows the seasons, the secrets, and the heart of the universe.

BASKET WILLOW.

False teachings, when eliminating from what is believed to be good authority, cling to us with a tenacity that sometimes warps our judgment, and blinds our eyes; we settle down to a belief so positive, that it remains unshaken, even with the evidence of its falsity directly before our eyes. In no branch of known industry, is it more difficult to change settled opinions than in agriculture. To illustrate—The first writer on asparagus finding it growing near the seashore concluded it was a marine plant, and so recommended a liberal use of salt. Those who followed this first writer, in publishing books on Garden Vegetables, finding it easier to borrow, than to manufacture ideas and demonstrate their correctness by practical tests, and being more at home, with the scissors than the pen, most of them published books that are a rehash of old ideas under a new title. Persons desirous of engaging in the cultivation of asparagus consulted books on Garden Vegetables and finding that they all recommended a liberal dressing of salt, do not care to listen to a neighbor, who, by actual experiment has found salt a positive injury. What is true of asparagus is true of many farm crops.

When the European Basket Willow was introduced into this country, we had become so accustomed to see the American willow growing luxuriantly by the side of rivers, there was no suspicion that the home of the European willow could be in any but a wet soil, and so writers with no positive knowledge on the subject, recommended heavy, moist or wet land. The result of this is that most of growers have set their willows on wet meadow land, and the growing of the Basket Willow has been so unsatisfactory that some eminent writers have declared that our climate is too hot and dry, for those varieties of willows that are grown in Europe for basket work. More than twenty years ago, by chance, a few willow branches were left in a sand bank; to the astonishment of the owner they sprouted, and in one season grew from four to five feet in height. This led to a large number of experiments to ascertain what soil was best adapted to the growth of the variety of willows that had proved to be the best for basket work. By careful measurement it was found that in rainy or moist days the sprouts made no perceptible growth, while in a very dry day, with bright sunshine, and the thermometer at 96 in the shade, each sprout would grow three inches. This seemed to be conclusive evidence that it would flourish best on a warm dry soil; such has proved to be the fact. On a light sandy loam it has frequently made a growth of nine feet in one season; with fair treatment, in such soil, it will make an average growth of six feet. In such a location it grows very smooth, straight and slender; a sprout six feet long being not more than three eighths of an inch in diameter at the largest end.

The best osiers being those that have the least variation in size between the small and the large end, these grown on farm land under our hot New England sunshine are far superior to any which are grown in the moist cool climate of Great Britain.

When we shall have got over our prejudices and planted the basket willow where it delights to grow, we shall not only raise all the willows we need in our own country, but we shall furnish the North of Europe with whatever amount of first quality osiers they may require.

Those who advocate planting willows on low land are reminded that, because there are many varieties that seem to grow best by the side of a river, it is no evidence that there are not some varieties that flourish better in some other locality. It is said that there are more than 300 varieties of willows, some of them differing very widely in their habits. Those varieties which most frequently meet the eye in New England will undoubtedly grow best in low land, but we have varieties which grow naturally, and best, on high land, and may be found growing very luxuriantly on the top of barren sand hills. Undoubtedly there are varieties of basket willows grown in Europe that grow best on moist soils, but the best varieties which we have imported are not of that character.

The variety imported about twenty-five years ago by a New York party and sold under the name of *salix viminalis* have proved to be the most valuable variety for basket work, while it refuses to grow satisfactorily on wet lands, it makes a wonderful growth on high sandy loamy land. When we shall learn the best varieties to grow, and fully understand its habits, we shall get out of the deep ruts we have fallen into, and no longer struggle in the mud, but shall start in that direction which shall crown our efforts with success.

To make willow growing both attractive and profitable in this country, we need a machine to strip the bark from the osiers. It is true that even by hand work it is a good paying business, but the Yankee is not satisfied with slow hand work, when there is a possibility of inventing a machine that will do the work faster. The work to be done is so simple that there need be no fear but when there is a sufficient quantity to peel to make it an object, there will be enough to invent machines exactly adapted to the purpose, and furnish them so cheap that every grower will have one.

This article has been suggested by reading an article upon willows written by a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who says "the ground should be moist and low, *but not too wet*." The words in the last clause seem to imply that the writer has found it necessary to avoid very wet land; may it not be possible that if he should leave his moist land and try that which is dryer, he would make another discovery, and recommend that the land be *not too moist*? As he does not state the variety he grows there is a chance for it to be one that probable.

Every one who attempts to grow willows for basket work should endeavor to get a variety that grow tall and slim, and is white when the bark is off and it is properly dried. He should before entering largely into its culture satisfy himself, by careful experiments, on what portion of his farm it will grow the best; in this way he will avoid expensive mistakes and although he may lose a few years' time, the results, in the end, will probably be more satisfactory.

THE MILK TRADE OF BOSTON.

The milk trade of this city has grown from small beginnings to one of great magnitude. Before the construction of railroads the supply was necessarily furnished by farmers living in the immediate neighborhood of the city, which was done for many years. With the construction of railways came the means for transportation, and with the rapid increase of business and of the population of the city, came, also, the increased demand for milk to supply the wants of the people, a demand that the towns in the immediate neighborhood of Boston were quite unable to furnish. Consequently the milk supply was sought for at greater distance, until most of the milk now sold in the Boston market is brought to the city by rail, some of it having been transported upwards of one hundred miles.

The daily consumption of milk in Boston, according to the late inspector's report for 1878, was 28,256 gallons; and for the year, 10,313,440 gallons. To meet this demand for, and consumption of milk in the city and its immediate suburbs, contractors have engaged the milk made by producers residing more or less remote from Boston and shipped it hither by railroads centring in Boston. In the furnishing of this supply there has been more or less of conflict between producers and contractors, growing out of the fact that the consumption of milk is more or less variable daily, and especially so at different seasons of the year. The maximum of the city demand for milk is during the cooler months, when the minimum of supply is furnished by the milk-producers. These variable conditions often left on the hands of contractors quite large quantities of milk, especially in the warmer part of the season, which they were unable to sell. This led to various devices by contractors to prevent the accumulation of surplus milk. The plans proposed by the contractors to remedy this source of loss on their part did not meet the approval of milk-producers. Thus the contest went on, and was the occasion of considerable chafing and discord with both parties to the contract.

Recently having had occasion to visit Worcester County, which is by far the best dairy county in the Commonwealth, both as it regards quantity and quality of milk, we found the milk-producers deeply interested in the sale of their milk for the Boston market. This county has long been famous for its excellent quality of butter and cheese, especially the latter production. The rich blue grass pastures of this county, with the crops of good sweet hay, and of fodder corn with the grain when ripened, ground and fed to milch cows, cannot fail of producing milk of the very best quality. Much of the milk for the supply of the Boston milk trade is purchased of Worcester County dairymen; and this may be said for the milk producers of this county, that no better milk is brought into Boston than what they furnish to the Boston milk trade. And it may also be added in this connection, that the contractors on the Boston and Albany Railroad have now generally arranged to take all the milk made by these dairymen at current prices, thus removing the principal occasion for dissatisfaction hitherto existing between milk-producers and contractors.

A representative of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* learned while among the milk-producers of that section of the State that arrangements had been made with their milk-contractors to take daily all the milk produced, instead of having large portions left at the farm as heretofore; and, learning that the contractors, to do this, had established a creamery in Boston, we felt curious to see it, and, accordingly, visited what was to us a novelty, a "Worcester County Creamery," in the city of Boston, at the corner of Berkeley and Appleton Streets. Proceeding thither, we were cordially received and welcomed by one of the firm of C. Brigham & Co., who took great pleasure in conducting us through the creamery, where they manufacture both butter and cheese from their surplus milk. This firm have conveniences for handling several hundred cans of milk daily, and a pleasant feature of this part of the business is that they place the product of their creamery immediately on sale by retail; but as it is no part of our present purpose to describe further the creamery business of this firm, yet we feel that we can hardly confer a greater favor upon farmers who may contemplate the establishment of creameries, than by suggesting to them before doing so, that they visit this model creamery, and observe its conveniences, its products and its remarkable cleanliness, and "then go and do likewise."

A similar method of using the surplus milk, to that stated above, has been found necessary by large milk contractors for the milk supply of Paris, where the fluctuations in the sale of milk is about the same as in Boston, and for similar reasons.

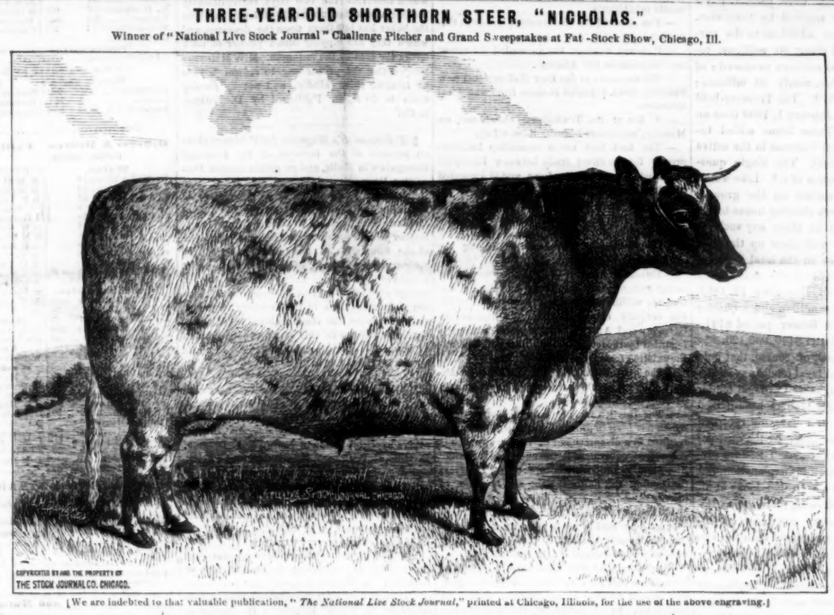
Therefore, we congratulate the milk-producers of Worcester County, that the milk contractors with whom they have so long done business, have learned at last, that, the demands and reasonable requirements of milk-producers as they deemed them, were no longer to be trifled with, and instead of selling at some seasons of the year one half of their milk and at other seasons a larger proportion, but still being constantly liable to have the principal product of their farms, or at least a portion of it, left on their hands with short notice and in such a way as to leave them unable to utilize it in a profitable manner; but by present arrangements, milk-producers are enabled to turn into the same channel the entire milk products of their farms, which, so far as we can learn, is more satisfactory to them than any other arrangement which had previously been made.

The establishment of this creamery, it seems to us, must be of interest to milk consumers also, for, if a day's shipment of milk happens to be in excess of the demand for that day as has often been the case, then this surplus milk is taken to the creamery and is manufactured into butter and cheese, and, therefore, is not liable to be kept over and sold to consumers the next day instead of fresh milk.

☞ Our domestic fleeces are still cheaper than foreign wool can be imported, since the staple has advanced in Australia, South America and in England. High prices for wool must prevail here for some time to come.

THREE-YEAR-OLD SHORTHORN STEER, "NICHOLAS."

Winner of "National Live Stock Journal" Challenge Pitcher and Grand Sweepstakes at Fat-Stock Show, Chicago, Ill.



[We are indebted to that valuable publication, "*The National Live Stock Journal*," printed at Chicago, Illinois, for the use of the above engraving.]

For the *Challenge Pitcher*, valued at $125, offered by the *National Live Stock Journal* of Chicago, Ill., for best beef animal of any age or breed, and the Grand Sweepstakes, offered by the society, there was a magnificent display. Public opinion had quite universally awarded this prize, in advance, to a roan Shorthorn steer, three years old, bred by Daniel Nichols, and shown by J. H. Graves, of Kentucky; consequently there was no surprise when the blue ribbon was placed upon him for the third time—as he had already been awarded first for three-year-old Shorthorn steer, and sweepstakes for three-year-old of all breeds. The engraving which we present above, through the courtesy of the *Stock Journal Company*, gives a clear idea of his appearance from a side view; but one needs to look over his massive, broad back and loin, to stand in front and rear and see his grand quarters, in order to comprehend the superlative excellence of this steer. The editor of *The Journal*, in presenting the silver pitcher awarded to this animal as the best beef animal in the show, fairly expressed the general view of the visitors when he said, that, "in presenting this challenge prize, it afforded him a great deal of pleasure to know that the animal to which it had been awarded was, in the judgment of experts, an almost faultless model of his kind; one that reflected the very highest honor, not only upon his breeder and feeder, but upon the State where he was bred, and the noble Shorthorn breed whose colors he had so worthily borne to the front in this hot contest."

Concerning the pedigree of this steer, we are somewhat in doubt. It was stated repeatedly during the show, that he was an inbred Young Mary; but when pressed to show the records, it was found that the breeder's certificate simply stated that he was a thoroughbred, "got by a Shorthorn bull, out of a Seventeen cow."

The fact that this *challenge prize* has been won at each show by a three-year-old, would seem to show that the Shorthorn, if properly bred, is at his best at that age. The champion steer of last year was at that time a splendid beast, and the award was regarded as eminently proper. The same steer was shown again this season in the different rings, and failed to receive even a second prize. He had grown uneven and "patchy;" was evidently over ripe, and for all the food consumed within the year, there was only a gain of 124 pounds in live weight, clearly showing that he had been kept at a loss. In our judgment the same fate will await the champion steer of 1879, should he be kept over and shown in 1880. He is now at his best, and it will be a mistake to keep him another year.

AYRSHIRE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting.

[Reported for the Massachusetts Ploughman.]

On Thursday, Jan 15, at 12 M., "The United States Ayrshire Breeders' Association" met at the Tremont House, Boston. The number of members in attendance was quite large and was composed of representative Ayrshire breeders of the New England States and the State of New York.

The meeting was called to order by William Birnie of Springfield, Mass. The Secretary, J. D. W. French, of North Andover, Mass., read the proceedings of the last annual meeting, which was held in Utica, N. Y., representing a very interesting meeting, which were approved.

After some miscellaneous business of minor importance, the meeting proceeded to elect a President, before which, however, Mr. Birnie declined longer to serve the Association as President; and E. D. Pearce of Providence, R. I., was elected President, a worthy successor of a most honorable predecessor, who had served the Association as President for five consecutive years.

It was next voted in accordance with a motion made at the last annual meeting, so to amend the Constitution of the Association as to permit the election of five Vice Presidents instead of two. This vote was followed by the election of five Vice Presidents, named as follows: Peter Coutts of California, J. L. Gibb of Canada, J. F. Converse of New York, Alonzo Libby of Maine, and J. L. Turner of Texas.

Secretary and Editor of the Ayrshire Herd Book was next chosen—J. D. W. French of North Andover, Mass.

Treasurer, J. F. Brown of Providence, R. I., who had reported $908 33 in the treasury.

Executive Committee as elected, consists of Wm. Birnie of Springfield, Mass., S. M. Wells of Wethersfield, Ct., C. H. Hayes of Portsmouth, N. H., J. F Hyde, New York, and Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass.

Twelve members were elected to become voting members on paying the fee of membership, $10.

An essay on the Ayrshires at home and in their native country was promised by James Lawrence of Groton, Mass., but as he was not present much regret was expressed and disappointment felt in not enjoying the pleasure and advantage of listening to one so well qualified to instruct the members of the Association as is Mr. Lawrence, both from large experience and a wide field of observation both at home and abroad.

An essay prepared by J. C. Moore was sent to the Secretary, by whom it was read. he remarking before reading it that it would probably provoke discussion, owing to the somewhat peculiar views entertained by the writer relative to the art of breeding cattle.

The essayist spoke of consanguineous breeding, remarking that it produced "the best and the worst specimens." The degeneration of blood is indicated by lighter colors; and if patches of white were mixed with darker colors on the outer edges, this is a further indication of running out. Early breeding both of females and from males he condemned. He would not have heifers come in until three years old, nor would he use bulls until three years old.

The President remarked that breeding is an art, and that in-and-in breeding is good if wisely managed, and bad if otherwise. Colors had little to do with the subject, as they are accidental. He had an Ayrshire cow that dropped a white calf, the color of a grade Shorthorn cow in his herd. Heifers should be served at from 20 to 24 months of age.

Obadiah Brown of Providence, R. I., was called upon to relate a case that came under his observation in respect to a precocious Jersey heifer that dropped a calf just before she was eleven months old, but never had another calf.

The following story is reported by a Michigan paper, namely: Chas. Squires, of Coopersville, Mich., has a cow 4 1-2 years old, which at the age of eleven months dropped twins; the spring before she was three years old she dropped four calves. Last year she dropped three calves, and a month since she dropped twins, making in all eleven calves within the short time named. This statement, made by a trustworthy man, entirely eclipses Obadiah Brown's story, related by request as to the precocious Jersey heifer. Such cases are quite rare, to be sure. It may be this Michigan cow is an Ayrshire. The breeder, however, was not given by Mr. Squire.

It was voted to request Congress to enact strict laws to prevent the spread of the pluro-pneumonia among the herds of cattle in the United States, a very important matter. A cordial vote by rising was tendered to Mr. Coutts of California, for his fourth annual donation of $50 for the promotion of the best interests of the United States Ayrshire Breeders' Association; a unanimous vote was tendered Mr. Birnie for his faithful service as President of the Association for five years, the entire time of the existence of the Association. It was also voted to reduce the price of the first volume of the Herd Book; the second volume is published and the third is preparing for publication, all edited by the Secretary, J. D. W. French, who has manifestly done his work with skill and marked ability. He has also edited and published a pamphlet full of valuable information concerning the Ayrshire breed of cattle, with Essays read at the annual meeting of the Association of Ayrshire breeders in 1878. It comprises a sketch of the early history of Ayrshires by Aiton; also by the late Sanford Howard, with extracts from an English Essay on Ayrshires; the Ayrshire cow by T. S. Gold; The origin of Ayrshires by an English writer; Ayrshires of Scotland by the Editor; the Ayrshire milk record of Alonzo Libbey of Maine; the Guenon system by J. D. W. French, Secretary. This is a valuable publication sent out under the indorsement of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association. Adjourned sine die at 4 P. M.

TO "YOUNG FARMER."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of Dec. 20th, "Young Farmer" wishes to know, "can a young man of small capital, say from $500 to $1000 buy a New England farm, and by good management support himself and wife, and pay for his farm."

In answering this question there are several things to be taken into consideration. First, the quality of the soil of the farm. Second, the quality of the man, and last, but not least, the quality of the wife. If young farmer is laying by two or three hundred dollars a year, perhaps it would be better to wait a few years until his capital had increased somewhat. His farming operations would then be far more satisfactory than if encumbered by debt.

The returns from the farm are slow—especially the worn-out low priced farms—but sure, if they are rightly managed and the land is good. Dry sandy or gravelly soil is dear at any price for farming purposes, unless it is near some large town where manure can be had for almost nothing. Take any agricultural district where the soil is dry and thin, the buildings will have a dilapidated look and the tumble-down fences will indicate the thriftlessness that is sure to be found in such a place. On the other hand if the soil is strong and unctious with a good clay sub-soil—take for example, Oldtown in Newbury, or West Newbury, or that part of Ipswich known by the euphonious name of Hogtown, the buildings will indicate the thrift and prosperity of the inhabitants.

From the fact that a very large proportion of the farmers of the above named places have never followed any other business than that of farming, and that two thirds of them have money at interest, Young Farmer may draw the inference, that a pound of butter will bring more than it costs, provided, his wife is willing to make it, and a ton of English hay will always bring more than it costs if he does not depend too much upon the sons of the Emerald Isle to get it.

A man who undertakes to engineer himself out of debt upon a farm, must make up his mind to do his own work; it will not do to hire much help, besides, butter of the highest qualily cannot be made in an Irish boarding house. D.

Rowley, Jan. 1st, 1880.

☞ It is just thirty years since the first Jerseys were brought to this country.

WEST MILLBURY FARMERS' CLUB.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The West Millbury Farmer's Club held a meeting at the vestry of the Bloominville Church, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, which was largely attended by the farmers and their families of Millbury, the newly elected President, Mr. March, in the chair.

Benjamin P. Ware, of Marblehead, President of the Essex Agricultural Society, addressed them at length upon the improved methods of cultivating root and vegetable crops, showing how in many instances one half the labor may be saved to bring about the same results, illustrating his remarks by models of labor-saving implements, and exhibiting specimens of superior vegetables, the products of thoroughbred seed, and he dwelt upon the importance of using such seed, recommending the greatest care in selecting seed stock of all kinds. Mr. Ware gave particular directions for growing the different varieties of crops, and the value of them, both as market vegetables and for feeding purposes. He was listened to with marked attention by an appreciative audience.

The West Millbury Farmers' Club is ably supplying the needs of the farmers, by holding weekly meetings for addresses and discussions, doing in part, the work of the grange, but only in part, for the grange by its peculiar organization is calculated to do more for the farming community than any other organization can do.

PLANTING THE BEST POTATOES.

Farmers who are about saving potatoes for seed will do well to listen to some good advice on this subject from the *Kansas Farmer*:

"Whatever variety of potatoes are planted, select the best tubers for seed. Plant large, well-formed, smooth potatoes, as it is evidence of a large well-formed variety, evidence of soundness and health, evidence of perfection; and in order to produce the best of anything the surest way is to select the best to grow from. Small potatoes used for seed may, and do often, produce large, fine tubers, but they may be a small variety—some of them at least are liable to be. If they do not belong to a small tuber family then the weight of evidence is in favor of their being imperfect and unripe, consequently weak and unhealthy. Such stock, either of animals or vegetables, is not fit to propagate from. Nature stores in the fine seed what is required to promote and perpetuate the vigorous and hardy plant. By carefully selecting the best of everything to plant, the finest grain, fruit, roots and other vegetables can be produced with reasonable certainty; but if this fundamental law is neglected the chances are in favor of a large per cent of inferior produce. The same natural law governs in the vegetable that is acknowledged to be so potent in the animal kingdom. Like produces like, and faults and imperfections seem to be more readily transmitted than the more desirable qualities. Very much better crops could be raised if farmers gave this subject more study and acted upon the well established principles of production. Many years ago, and in a period of our agricultural history when new varieties of any farm were extremely rare, an observant farmer of Pennsylvania, acting on the principle that perfect grain could only be insured by using perfect seed, originated a superior variety of wheat which he named "barrel wheat." This he did by holding the sheaves of wheat in his hands by the butts and beating the tops over a barrel. The large, plump, perfect grains would fly out and none others. This wheat was used as seed, and the same practice to procure seed being followed a few years, produced what seemed to be a new variety of wheat, but which was only the result of a practical application of the natural law of selecting the fittest. This anecdote is a practical illustration of using none but the very best for seed. Unripe, small potatoes are unfit for seed; neither are overgrown, hollow-hearted tubers. The former are weak and imperfect—the latter, like all abnormal monsters, unhealthy."

☞ It would be well for every farmer at the beginning of the new year to take an account of stock and ascertain just where he stands financially and how much he is worth. Then in a year from this time take another account of stock and see how much has been gained or lost. Put down on one side everything that you possess, estimated at a fair market value, including farm, tools, and all the debts due. On the other side put down all debts owed others. The balance will show the value of your property. In a year another inventory will show just what has been gained or lost during the year. Sometimes a farmer will be surprised at the improvement that he will find in his condition, and be greatly encouraged for the labors of the year to come.

The Dairy.

GARGET IN COWS.

[Western Rural.]

Garget or "sore udder" in cows, is the cause of much inconvenience and loss to the dairyman, which might be guarded against by a little timely precaution. The disease is caused by the sudden distension of the udder by a copious secretion of milk immediately before, or shortly after parturition, and generally commences with a sore teat. The uneasiness and irritability of the cow, when the teat is touched, makes it difficult to remove the milk and the vessels become choked with it so that they swell and in some cases burst. Carelessness in milking sometimes produces garget, on account of a portion of the milk being left in the udder at each milking. A little care and attention often save a good deal of trouble and expense. If the udder and teats appear much distended the cow should be milked a few days before calving, in as quiet and gentle a manner as possible. If this precaution has not been taken and the premonitory symptoms of inflammation have appeared, the best way to manage after parturition is to put the calf to the cow and allow it to knock the udder about until it becomes limber and free from lumps.

In cases where the cow has been neglected until the teat and udder has become so sore that she will not permit the calf to suck her, and refuses to eat, bleeding must be resorted to, a dose of physic administered, and the udder fomented two or three times a day, the milk being drawn off carefully. Youatt prescribes an ointment which has been found very useful in cases of inflammation of the udder; it is composed of the following ingredients:—one ounce of camphor, a teaspoonful of spirits of wine, an ounce of mercurial ointment, and half a pound of elder ointment. This mixture should be applied after every milking, the udder being well fomented with warm water, and the remains of the ointment washed off before the next milking.

Stock Department.

WINTER CALVES.

[National Live Stock Journal.]

A Wisconsin dairyman asks, if there can be any profit in raising calves in winter, or late fall calves? This question is now very pertinent, since winter dairying is becoming common. Butter bears a higher price in winter; and this induces dairymen to have their calves dropped in fall. Let us examine the expense account. Some think the cold weather will add much to the cost of keeping the calves; but this is probably a mistake, as the following considerations will show: The milk, after making butter in winter, is in better condition than in summer, as it is seldom sour, and may always be fed sweet. Calves kept in warm quarters will make more growth upon the same quantity of milk in winter than in summer, on account of its better quality, and because, being fed on hay, they seldom scour or have any trouble of stomach.

We have tested the compar tive gain on the same quantity of milk fed to calves in winter and summer. Six calves, fed through January, February and March, on an average of 25 pounds of skim milk each per day, starting with an average weight of 80 pounds, made an average weight, on the 1st day of April, of 305 pounds, or a gain of 2 1-2 pounds per day. They had, besides the milk, what rowen hay they would eat.

In feeding 10 calves for four months, beginning May 1st, starting with an average weight of 100 pounds and feeding 25 pounds of skim milk with pasture, they reached an average weight, September 1st, of 346 pounds in 123 days, or an average gain of 2 pounds per day. It is almost impossible, on sour milk and grass, to keep calves from scouring to some extent. We have made better weight in summer by allowing them to run in a yard and feeding good hay in racks. The hay seems to counteract the acidity of the milk. We have no hesitation in saying that calves, well cared for, will make a better growth on sweet skim milk and hay in winter, than on sour milk and grass in summer. Then it must be profitable to raise winter calves for beef; for, as we have seen, they will be heavier, and cost no more. And if heifers are raised for the dairy, and come in at two years old, they will cost less raised from fall calves than spring calves; for, in the former case, as we have seen, the first winter costs no more than summer keep, and so there is only the extra cost of one winter before the heifer drops her calf and becomes a producing cow. Most dairymen who believe in full feeding, and, therefore, raise heifers of good growth, also believe in early maternity, that the milking habit may be developed early. The general opinion of the best dairymen is, that a cow, at four years old, will give more milk if she comes in at two than at three years old. There can, therefore, be no valid objection to raising winter calves where it is found profitable to make winter butter. And this is likely to extend year by year; for the general taste seems to prefer fresh butter to that which has been kept for half a year

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

AGRICULTURAL INSTRUCTION.

BY R. GOODMAN, ESQ.

Now that the Legislature meets, the usual *pros.* and *cons.* relative to the agricultural college at Amherst will be shuttle-cocked between the friends and opposers of the institution, and the impetus has already been given by the recommendation of Gov. Talbot in his valedictory and the more cautious and friendly allusion of Gov. Long in his inaugural. "Pater ipse colundi, hand facilum esse nam voluit," said the Augustan poet in his "Georgics," and the decree is in force now as then, and culture shall always be hard and especially that which has to begin by the eradication of life-long or inherited prejudices. The old virus which has descended through generations leading men in all other pursuits to consider the tillers of the soil as tied to the muck rake, and not needing any elevation, yet courses the blood of even the republican dwellers in Massachusetts, though in the published speeches of her eminent sons and in the practices of her earliest settlers the pursuit of agriculture has been extolled and exemplified as among the noblest avocations. The manufacturing and mercantile interests on whose account millions are spent by the State without a murmur, are apt to be the loudest in their denunciations through their representatives of any attempt to increase the production of the soil at home by educating those engaged in that business, and so long as they can get cheap food from the west, they have no sympathy with any effort to encourage those immediately about them in developing the resources of their farms. But the people of the whole country through their representatives in Congress some years ago took a wider view of the future, and wisely judged that the time would come when scientific knowledge of agriculture would be a paramount necessity in the land, and made grants of territory to and entered into a compact with the several States, that each should use such territory with process to maintain in connection with provision from each State, a college especially adapted to the needs of the poor farmers' and mechanics' sons. The Western States in good faith carried out the bargain and made and make generous provision for these institutions, and their youth are availing themselves of the benefits, and as

"Westward the course of empire takes its way"

it is consoling to know that the growing generations of that portion of the Republic will be capable of appreciating and intelligently directing such course, and not be ignorant boors or narrow minded Jack Cades or Kearneys, ripe for treason, stratagem and spoil.

The Eastern States have grudgingly carried out their agreement with the general government, and even Massachusetts, supposed to be the head and front of educational advancement has with great reluctance made any suitable provision for the proper maintenance of her Agricultural College, and is continually devising some method by which she can rid herself of the burden of its support. The latest idea is to annex it to its antagonist, the "intellectual" College at Amherst, and thus, under pretence of affording it shelter under the wings of that larger inst tution, shroud it from public view and usefulness altogether. Perhaps the advocates of this plan will find in season that even the legislature, omnipotent as it is supposed to be, has no authority to bestow this gift, and that the Agricultural College has rights, which even the State authorities must recognize, and privileges which they must maintain. A much more feasible idea—if the State, whilst squandering millions of the people's money on tunnels, railroads and other devices to force trade over its borders to enrich its manufacturing and mercantile classes, cannot be brought to realize the necessity of properly supporting an institution vital to its future as well as present welfare—is to divert a portion of the large sum bestowed upon the agricultural societies to the use of the College, a plan I have heretofore suggested, and which is now finding favor with many friends of the College and prominent agriculturists. The latter realize that most of this bounty money is not necessary for the well being of these societies, that the objects to which it was expected it would be applied are not considered now essential, and that the cattle shows which cannot support themselves from the "gate money" had better retire from view.

Mr. Huntington, one of the alumni of the College, in his open letter to Gov. Talbot, suggests that each society shall apply one-quarter of the annual bounty it receives from the State to the tuition and support of a pupil at the College, such pupil to be chosen by competitive examination, as those intended for West Point now are. Mr. H. makes other valuable suggestions well worthy the consideration of all interested in the College and of the State Board of Agriculture, but as his letter is in print I shall only particularize this main idea which I endorse as the most practical method of relieving the College from its difficulties and the State from its embarassment. This plan will secure yearly a class of thirty students in addition to those who are now sent by the societies, and make tuition practically free to numbers of young men for whose benefit these Colleges were instituted, and who cannot without assistance get the instruction they desire.

As the members of the State Board who have at present the control of the bounty money—being mainly delegates from these societies—will not probably have backbone enough to enforce the condition required on the societies they represent, it may be necessary for the Legislature to pass a law directing that it shall be a condition of each agricultural society receiving the bounty of $600 to apply one-quarter of it to the support and tuition of a scholar at the College. This will be the easiest plan for the State to get rid of its elephant, and nobody will be hurt, but many benefitted by such a course, and the members of the Legislature will be soothed with the whim of that one at least of the many open-mouthed applicants for its charities which, like the two daughters of the horseleech are always crying "give, give," is silenced perhaps forever.

The best thing the Committee on Agriculture can do is to take up this matter at once—and if they will not, let some outside member of the Legislature introduce a resolution—have a hearing and get the voice of the community on this point. I think the people sufficiently estimate the value of the College, though they have been long learning it—not to want it abandoned, weakened, or swallowed up by any other institution but to be put on such a footing that it can continue its career of usefulness and give instruction as heretofore by a class of young men who will not otherwise be educated, and who should receive tuition without cost. Some people think it better for our farmers "to be eaten to death with rust than scoured to death with perpetual motion," but there is a golden mean which the more intelligent are finding out, and that is to mix brains with their avocation and carry it on as other pursuits are, with knowledge as well as labor, and the more education they get the better farmers and citizens they will be.

Lenox Mass.

The Horse.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

AMERICAN HORSES ON THE ENGLISH TURF.

The average American is proud of American productions, and when he hears of the triumph on foreign soil of anything eminating from his own country, his breast is filled with joy.

The English have always—as they say—stood at the head of the world as breeders of the thoroughbred race-horse; and if there is any one thing they do pride themselves on it is their superior skill and judgment in training and running him.

In 1856, Mr. R. Ten Broeck, of Kentucky, astonished the community by shipping a lot of American-bred horses to England, which he intended to run on the English turf. Among them were Lecompte, Prioress and Prior, three noted performers, and the first named the only horse that ever defeated the great Lexington. The horses arrived safely, and ten others were afterwards sent over, to strengthen the American stable.

This venture turned out to be anything but a successful one, although the horses won a few races and several matches; but Mr. Ten Broeck, after spending a fortune and several years of time, came to the conclusion, it is said, that the English racer was superior to the American.

Mr. M. H. Sanford of New York next entered the field as a competitor for the honors of the English turf, in 1875; the performances of his horses are of so recent a date, and have been so thoroughly ventilated in the newspapers, that the public are quite familiar with them. There were a number of good ones in the lot, but the second "invasion," as the English press jocosely called it,

better horses than they can. And this leads me to say that the breeding of horses for the foreign market is destined to become a large business in this country in the near future; not only race-horses but trotters, roadsters, and those adapted for heavy draught.

Why have not Messrs. Ten Broeck, Sanford and Lorillard conferred a benefit on their countrymen by indirectly bringing to the notice of a foreign nation the fact that we can supply them with horses, and that we can breed them at less than one-half the cost that they themselves can?

The coming season is likely to develop some lively work among the American horses in England, more especially as there is "another Richmond in the field" in the person of Mr. James R. Keene, who has several colts entered in the most prominent events. Messrs. Sanford and Lorillard have also a large number, and both of these gentlemen it is said have determined to give the question of superiority between American and English horses a five years' test before giving a final verdict. It must be remembered that American horses which are sent to England labor under very great disadvantages, the sea voyage, change of climate and diet, and the pick of the best horses in England combined against them; so when an American is successful his victory should be set down as more than an ordinary one, because he has twice as many obstacles to overcome in order to gain it.

ALEXANDER.

The Ploughman

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1880.

New England Agricultural Society.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society will be held at No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, up stairs, on TUESDAY, Feb. 3d, at eleven and one-half (11½) o'clock, A. M.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

Boston, Jan. 13th, 1880.

As we passed through Milton on the Old Colony Railroad, on the 21st day of January, we saw a farmer ploughing with two horses, making good work and meeting with no obstruction from the frost.

The question of annexation has been revived again in Brookline, and is at present agitated in public meetings in that town as Brookline only knows how to agitate.

The distinguished French statesman and publicist, Jules Favre, died on Tuesday last, after a lingering illness, at past seventy years of age.

The Secretary of the Territorial Savings Building and Loan Association at Washington is a defaulter to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The elevated railroad schemes for this city and the suburbs, which are now before the Legislature, promise to make excitement enough in certain circles to satisfy any one who is inclined to take an interest in such matters.

Money holds extremely easy in this market, and clearing-house rates are down to 2 and even 1 1-2 per cent. The rate of interest at the banks is from 4 to 5 per cent. Legal tenders are coming back from the West and South in large quantity.

The stock market has been especially strong and buoyant in "coppers" for several days past. These stocks have lain stagnant for a long number of years, but are now suddenly restored to activity, in consequence of the rise in the price of ingot copper.

A great railroad combination has just been accomplished, at the South, that gives St. Louis a direct connection with the sea at Savannah or Charleston, and threatens formidable rivalry for western freights with the trunk lines, which now run west from New York, Boston and Philadelphia to the lakes and the Mississippi.

LEGISLATURE.

Railroad petitions have been presented in this body; a bill was also put in for the buying of land for a court house for Suffolk county. A constitutional amendment has been favorably reported on. An order has been introduced looking to the repeal of the savings-bank "stay law." A stringent prohibitory law has been petitioned for by the Temperance Alliance. It has been reported inexpedient to revise the General Statutes. The President of the Middlesex Street Railroad Company petitioned, in the House, for an act of incorporation for an elevated railroad company in Boston and vicinity. It is the same measure that was defeated in the last Legislature. An opposing remonstrance was presented by the Mayor of Boston. A proposal was made to limit the legal rate of interest to six per cent. per annum; and another, to compel manufacturing corporations to pay their employes weekly. A proposition was likewise made to reduce the tax on savings banks deposits. A measure was introduced which forbids the disfranchisement of a town or city on account of any informality of the municipal officers in making up the election returns. The report of the special committee on convict contract labor was presented to the Senate. An order was presented in the House, designed to give a more practical turn to the knowledge of children in large towns and cities. The idea is to stimulate the interest of such children in manufacturing processes, and to make it easy for them to acquire the necessary information.

CONGRESS.

The United States Senate has passed a bill giving the Springfield and New London Railroad Company the right of way over the water-shops pond at Springfield. The bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals while in transit by railway, was discussed and recommitted to the committee on commerce. A petition was presented from citicens of Massachusetts, asking for immediate action with regard to the distribution of the Geneva award fund. In the House, a bill was introduced for reviving and continuing the court commissioners of Alabama claims, and for the distribution of the unappropriated money of the Geneva award fund A resolution was introduced by Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, declaring it to be unconstitutional for the Executive Department of the Government to negotiate a treaty with a foreign Government, changing the rate of duties on foreign commodities. Sundry resolutions, bills, and petitions, relating to an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien, were presented in both branches, one of them being a bill incorporating James B. Eads and others as the Interoceanic Transit Company, for the purpose of building a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. A resolution granting half a million dollars to the Irish sufferers was introduced in the House and referred. The bill requiring national banks to retain half their reserve in coin was discussed somewhat at length. The debate has begun in the Senate on the Bayard resolution abolishing the legal tender quality of the Treasury notes.

INCREASED IMMIGRATION.

Short crops abroad and the poverty that followed for the agricultural laborer are counted on as very sure to increase immigration to this country very greatly this year. If the farm laborers of England and Germany only knew for a fact what they could do after their arrival in this country, that land is here only waiting for their asking, and they have but to occupy and cultivate in order to prepare the way for a sure and fixed prosperity, it is not too much to say that they would all but empty those countries of their entire laboring population. As it is, those who remain behind know not much more than those who have the enterprise to come over afterwards tell them.

We are informed from the National Bureau of Statistics that there arrived at New York last month 8204 immigrants, against 3317 for the same month in the year before. Of this number, there came from England 1997; Scotland, 1117; Wales, 65; Ireland, 1158; Germany, 1932; Austria, 224; Sweden, 330; Norway, 82; Denmark, 65; France, 178; Switzerland, 209; Spain, 17; Italy, 800; Holland, 7; Belgium, 68; Russia, 110; Poland, 197; Hungary, 219, and other countries, 32. It will be seen that, in the above schedules, nearly all the European nations are represented. We may expect a much increased foreign immigration this year, with no fear of disappointment. There is not an able-bodied European laborer who cannot hope to improve his condition in every respect by emigrating from the poverty of his native land to the plenty of this. We have millions on millions of acres of land that can be had for merely settling on them, and other millions for which the lowest comparative price is asked.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Almost everybody is busy at the present time, in view of the cheering prospects for industry and traffic. Unless all the signs are wrong, the present year 1880 is to be the most active, enterprising and successful of any yet known to the country. Hope has given place within a single year to realization. When we look around and see the multiplying evidences of a revived industrial life, we feel sure that the clouds are finally broken up and moving away. Agriculture has so enriched the country by adding to the substantial resources that, with the unusual demand abroad for its products, commerce has taken a fresh start, and in turn set all the wheels of industry in motion.

Manufacturing industry has been brought up to a level at which it never stood before. Mechanical skill is in most active demand. Labor of all kinds finds no difficulty in securing employment. Railroad building, especially beyond the Mississippi, is being pushed with an energy that is truly marvellous; new roads are constructing into and through vast agricultural territories and into the newly opened mining regions in which vast amounts of capital are being placed and are yet to be placed. Prosperity of the genuine kind has come to stay, and everybody is desirous of sharing in it as the reward for co-operation. If there are any special features which attract attention, it is those of railroads and mining

Thus it will be seen that the basis of this new prosperity is solid and substantial, and that there is scarcely any margin of room for disappointment in the general expectations. The best informed journals are repeating the statement one after the other, that the most prosperous year the country has ever seen is opening to the view. The only need of caution is against the cultivation of imaginative views of things, or false hopes, which lead to speculative action in order to bring about their realization. If it is sheer, downright industry that restores prosperity, it is nothing less than that which will maintain it.

The wild speculation which culminated last November was enough to teach anew the lesson that ought not to have required a repetition. But there is good evidence that the country has got the better of that feverish feeling, and is convinced that nothing will endure which comes without earnest and persistent labor. In regard to the currency, there is indeed but little to be feared from inflation. There is no opportunity to expand the volume of currency, such as there has been in years gone by. There is, of course, room for improving the currency, but, as it is, it is the best the country has ever had since the beginning of the war. We are upon a specie basis, and there is no good reason why we should not remain there. Specie payments can readily be maintained, even though trade balance should turn against us and the gold we have received from Europe should be returned.

There has been felt and expressed a fear that the present advance in values of all kinds could not be maintained. It is apprehended that the rebound from a long six-year term of stagnation to a condition of prosperity was too sudden and impulsive to be lasting. And to give greater strength and wider currency to these apprehensions, speculation has seized hold of certain articles, including wheat, and for a time threatened to obstruct the course of trade and the prosperity it begot. But the present year opened at last with the most encouraging signs of steadiness, as if the flush of the speculative fever was gone entirely. The amount of trade last December was fifty per cent. larger than for the same month in 1878.

The country has shown its ability to purchase and pay for all the merchandize that is manufactured and imported, and of its ability to sell what it produces, the extraordinary sum of the exports tells the only true story. The cost of living has not increased in the same ratio with the rise in the products of labor, and it is an important fact additionally that the number of unemployed persons is smaller than at any previous period during seven years. Commerce, trade and manufactures unite in ascribing to agriculture the reason for this. Agriculture is at length acknowledged as the great foundation of all other interests and enterprises, and so it will ever remain.

AN ISTHMIAN SHIP CANAL.

Congress is suddenly breaking out in both branches with manifestations of fresh interest in the projected scheme of constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, no less than four different motions and resolutions having been introduced into that body in a single day during the current week. The proposition which, for sundry obvious reasons, excites the most varied interest, is the one which requests the President to "invite the cooperation" of the governments of the principal maritime nations of the world "in the selection of a route of isthmus ship transit, which shall serve most largely the general interests of all maritime nations." It is to be said in reply to this extremely polite proposal, however, that the governments of the principal nations of the Old World have proceeded to "cooperate" on this matter without particularly troubling themselves whether the United States took any part in the work or not, our reception at the Paris Congress last year not being regarded as an evidence of regard for our cooperation any way.

It is even said that negotiations are at this moment in progress, and may have been concluded already, for the transfer of the present railway across the Isthmus to European holders and thence to European governments; and it is additionally asserted that De Lesseps is secretly engaged in bringing about a similar transfer, through that of the Panama Railroad, of all possible schemes for a ship canal. This being the case, a resolution of inquiry on the part of Congress would be more to the point than a resolution of mere compliment. A committee of prominent American citizens are announced as making a presentation of "welcome" to Mr. de Lesseps on his arrival at San Francisco, on the ground that he is about to build a canal across the Isthmus. And they solicit the President, and Secretary of State to unite with them in the act of extending this national welcome to the distinguished Frenchman.

In place of these addresses of "welcome" and resolutions favoring belated "cooperation," it has been suggested that it might be as well for Congress to begin seriously and institute an investigation into the precise measure of influence which the United States as a nation is entitled to exercise in American waters and on the American isthmus. The idea is thrown out with considerable vigor, that it is about time for us to ascertain whether we have a native right to a preponderating influence over the affairs of the American continent, instead of welcoming the intrusion of European nations by their secret representatives. We need to feel assured first of the actual respect of the principal maritime nations of the world, before we propose or accept any sort of cooperation with them. A canal will come in proper time, but we owe it to ourselves to ascertain and lay down our policy as a nation in respect to the influences and interests which are to control it after it is built.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CURRENCY.

Considering the vast additions of gold to the currency by imports, by gold production, and by bank-note expansion, it is a mystery to many persons what has become of these notorious additions to its volume, and why the low rates which were predicted for money are not yet realized by borrowers. The amount of these additions to the currency are, of gold about 80 millions, together with about 35 millions produced; of bank-note circulation, nearly 20 millions; these for the year 1879. The Treasury held 30 millions less on January 1, 1880 than on January 1, 1879. These items added together make the total increase in the active currency $163,000,000. The single question is, what has become of it? Like water, it appears to be spilled on the ground. Neither the New York clearing house-banks nor the interior banks show any such increased holdings as will clear up the mystery. The difference in the total reserves of the national banks of the country on January 1, 1879, and December 12, 1879, was but a little over a million and a quarter of dollars, or at the former period $141,368,874, and at the latter $140,,952,120.

It is to be explained, of course, that gold had greatly displaced legal tenders as an element of the reserves, as well as legal tender certificates. The legal tenders have passed out into circulation and have not returned to the money centres either by the customary avenues or by any other. There are several theories advanced in explanation, but the only one we have seen that looks at all satisfactory is the following: Large as the business of the country has been, its increase has not been more rapid than the exchanges by which nine-tenths of it is transacted, nor have the actual cash balances paid increased to the extent of explaining the use of $120,000,000 more in the making of purchases or payments. But the laboring classes throughout the West and South have been accumulating money. There are millions of toilers who are laying away money, many of them for the first time in their lives. The explanation of the disappearance from circulation of such a vast amount as $120,000,000 is—Hoarding.

Assuming that there are 16,000,000 working persons in the country, all actively employed during the present welcome period of revival. Less than one-half of them are found to be depositors in saving banks or investors in any other form. Supposing that one-half of this number, or 8,000,000 persons, have hoarded $20 each from their earnings of last year; a small sum in itself, but multiplied by eight millions aggregating $160,000,000—more than enough by $40,000,000 to explain the existing mystery. It is not at all improbable that at least one million negroes have saved $20 each from their earnings of last year; this makes twenty millions of itself. The improved condition of labor will explain it all, and that of course demonstrates the prosperity of the country.

Convict Labor.—The report of the legislative committee appointed to investigate the subject of prison labor, fails to show that such labor is in any manner a dangerous competitor with free labor, although there were some very strong opponents of convict labor on the committee. The conclusion is unanimously reached, "that the effect of prison contracts upon the combined industries of the State is not appreciable." That will tend to allay the apprehensions of many persons throughout the State.

State Insane Hospitals.—There are four hospitals and two asylums in the State, and they ended the official year, September 30, 1879, with an aggregate of 2598 patients, an increase of 233 during the year, against an increase of 300 in the previous year. Of those who went out from these institutions within the year, 233 were reported recovered; but over 50 of this number were readmission of persons who had been previously discharged as recovered several times. All the hospitals do not show how long their new patients were insane before coming for treatment.

City of Glasgow Bank.—The liquidators of this wretched bank have just published a full report, which makes a most unpalatable reading. The bank was one of unlimited liability; that is, a person holding but one share even, was liable to be called on for full amount to satisfy creditors, in case of failure of the bank. Besides losing their shares of a par value of $500 (worth, just before the failure, $1200 to $1500 per share), a first call was made of $2500 per share, and a second one of $11,250 (we put the figures in dollars), and the creditors are not yet paid. The first call ruined 509 shareholders, and comparatively few could respond at all to the second call. The report states that hundreds upon hundreds of families have been made penniless, and wide-spread ruin has followed. It is some small satisfaction to know that the guilty directors are sentenced to penal servitude.

A Promising Year.—The annual circular of Russell & Co's. Mercantile Agency, of this city, observes concerning the promises for the current year that a review of all classes upon whose condition the soundness and activity of the trade of the country depends, begets the belief that the prosperous period which has now set in is likely to continue. The large profits of 1879, which were made up largely of suddenly enhanced values, will hardly be duplicated during the current year; but that the volume of business will continue large, and that a fair return will be realized, is surely a reasonable expectation. There are few disturbing elements discoverable, except they are forced upon the country by politicians or speculators; while the indications are numerous that the permanence of the present prosperous period is assured.

Frank Leslie.—*The Story of a Long and Busy Career.*—Frank Leslie, Sr., whose name is so well known from the numerous pictorial papers that he has in the course of time published in New York, died on Saturday, Jan. 10, in the house formerly Tweed's residence, now altered into an apartment house. He was born in Ipswich, England, in 1821. His father's name was Joseph Carter, and he was himself named Henry Carter. During his youth he became fascinated with the arts of designing, drawing and engraving, and connecting himself with the engraving firm of the London *Illustrated News*, signed his work "Frank Leslie." He arrived in Boston in 1848, and was employed on a pictorial weekly started by Gleason & Balou. Assuming that Barnum intended starting an illustrated paper, he went to Ivanstan, and the interview resulted in Frank Leslie becoming the foreman of the *Illustrated News* of New York.

The paper was started in 1853, and though its circulation reached 70,000, it lived but a single year. In 1854 he started the *Gazette of Fashion*, since converted into *Frank Leslie' Lady's Magazine*. In 1855 he commenced *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, now in its twenty-fifth year. In rapid succession Mr. Leslie published the *Chimney Corner*, *Boys and Girls' Weekly*, *Pleasant Hours*, the *Lady's Journal*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Budget of Wit* and *Chatterbox*, and the *Illustrirte Zeitung* in German.

Mr. Leslie was a commissioner to the Paris Exhibition in 1857, and received a prize gold medal at the hands of the Emperor Napoleon. He was at the head of the New York State Commission to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and published an illustrated catalogue of the exhibition. Mr. Leslie failed in 1857, and again in 1877, but satisfactory arrangements were made with his individual creditors, and his publications have extricated themselves from his difficulties. He was twice married—once in England, and the second time in this country to the widow of the late E. C. Squier, the author and traveller.

Mrs. Leslie has for a long time edited her husband's periodicals. On the day of his death the courts decided in his favor a suit which he and his assignees had instituted against Frank Leslie, Jr., one of his sons, for using that name on an opposition illustrated paper.

READ AND RUN.

—Two more large fires occurred in this city, last Friday night.

—The grain trade has for some time past been literally choked up at Chicago.

—The Montreal banks, many of them seem to be in considerable trouble.

—The "Sons of Vermont," to the number of four hundred, had a re-union at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago, last week.

—The Russians, in a severe encounter, have been a second time defeated by the Turcomans in Persia.

—Prince Bismarck is much improved in health.

—The change recently made in the French Cabinet does not indicate, according to the ministerial statement, the abandonment of a prudent policy which is most suitable to the internal affairs of France, but rather that France may henceforth advance with decision in the path of necessary reforms and successive improvements.

—Whaling vessels have entirely deserted our own coast, and are operating in Baffin's Bay, the Antarctic and Indian oceans. Whales are reported to be growing more numerous along the shores of our Southern States, having several times entered Charleston and Savannah harbors.

—The work in the St. Gothard Tunnel has advanced so far that the blasting in the southern part can readily be heard by the workmen in the northern, and it is hoped that the remaining 400 metres of work can be completed by March next.

—A hurricane has swept the island of St. Kitts and devastated the property of the unfortunate inhabitants.

—The demand for Government bonds in this market is reported to be a large one.

—Pleasant weather has succeeded the recent terrible gales on the Atlantic.

—The assessors at the City Hall are just now hearing cases appealed to them from the local assessors.

—A fire at the Tewksbury almshouse, on Monday, came near burning them all up.

—The first iron ocean steamship built expressly for the direct trade between Liverpool and Boston is named the Iowa, and is expected here before the current week is ended.

—Joseph Cook made Spiritualism the theme of his last Monday's discourse, in the Old South Church.

—Dissensions have broken out among the Afghan leaders at Cabul.

—Russia is reported to have addressed notes to the governments at Vienna and Berlin, stating her willingness to withdraw the troops she has recently concentrated on the frontiers of Germany and Austria, as their presence there is regarded by those cabinets as likely to disturb the existing friendly relations.

—The opposition in the Spanish Cortes abstain from taking their seats, which very greatly irritates the ministerialists.

—The Hayden murder trial in Connecticut, which has been in progress for two months, has resulted in a disagreement of the jury, which is considered equivalent in the end to an acquittal.

—Sundry propositions are before Congress for funding the national debt at a low rate of interest.

—The lines of the American Union Telegraph Company are said to be in a condition ready for immediate operation, and a formal opening of business was arranged for the current week.

—An influential New York banker gives it as his opinion that the Government, beyond a question, would be able to successfully float a 3½ cent. bond. In his judgment, the Government debt, in five years, will be placed on a basis which will yield the bond holders only 3 per cent.

—Paris has financially become a debtor, in stead of being everywhere a creditor. The Paris Bourse says that none of the foreign exchanges move in their favor.

—An agreement is believed to have been reached between Germany and the Vatican.

—A fresh revolution is reported to have broken out in San Domingo, in favor of Baez.

—Russia disclaims all idea of war, and claims to have reduced her military force.

—Edwin D. Marble, proprietor of the famous Dungeon Rock, in Lynn, died last week from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. He had continued the work of his father, Hiram Marble, in excavating the rock, for the past twelve years, having been engaged with him in it since he was twelve years old.

—St. Patrick's Day in Boston will be celebrated with a public lecture, instead of with the customary procession.

—So far, little has been done in Congress since reassembling except presenting bills.

—The Bayard legal tender resolution is to be debated in the Senate, though favorable action on it is not anticipated.

—The junction of the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western Railroad with the Erie has not yet produced the effect expected.

—The new Russian ambassador to England is named Lobanoff, and he has left St. Petersburg for London.

—The President has nominated James Russell Lowell, now Minister to Spain, as Minister to England.

—Senator Platt, of Connecticut, has introduced a resolution into the United States Senate, requiring the President to invite representatives of the maritime nations of the world to confer with the government of the United States concerning a route for an inter-oceanic canal, and Mr. Bailey, of New York, has introduced a similar bill into the House.

—The bill to prevent cruelty to animals in transportation was taken up in the United States Senate on Monday, and after some discussion was allowed to go over.

—The National House of Representatives accepted an invitation to listen to an address upon the condition of affairs in Ireland by Mr. Parnell, M. P.

—The Fusion Legislature of Maine, having been refused admission to the State House, held a meeting on the sidewalk and adjourned to meet in a hall.

—California Pioneers ate their annual dinner in New York this week.

—A Mormon apostle is working energetically in Mexico in the interest of the Utah saints and is baptising converts daily.

—In reference to the Hayden murder trial in Connecticut, the New York World very pointedly remarks that "the result is, that the State has failed to avenge a murder, and that Hayden has not the vindication which an innocent man has a right to demand."

—Amendments are proposed to the constitution, for the purpose of ascertaining and declaring the results of Presidential elections.

—The fire record appears to be well kept up for the season, in all parts of the country.

—In the opinion of the Duke of Argyle, the birds of America are far less musical than those of England. John Borroughs, however, affirms just the contrary, and illustrates this assertion.

—Cheap transportation of grain and meat from the West is regarded as a most important factor in the settlement of the land question both in England and Ireland.

—Suddenly a powerful new club that is organizing in this city is not to be a literary club, but composed of men of intellectual and artistic tastes rather than achievement. It is expected to represent what is distinctive about Boston.

—A number of failures in the country for 1879 was one-third less than for 1878, while the total of liabilities shows the very surprising reduction of fifty-eight per cent., or more than one-half.

—Edison's new electric light is by no means a success yet. This trouble arises from his not being able to maintain a vacuum for his carbon paper. Nature *abhors* a vacuum, the old philosophers used to say.

—The receipts of grain at Montreal for the year 1879 were more than 23,000,000 bushels, which is larger than any preceding year.

—The annual reports of the insurance companies, both life and fire, were never so anxiously looked for as now. The last year has been a disastrous one for many companies, and a number have been obliged to succumb.

—The Indian is said to be not so red as he is painted.

—A conflagration in Tokio, Japan, has destroyed fifteen thousand houses, and rendered fifty thousand people destitute. A hundred persons were killed during the progress of the conflagration.

—The movement in this city for erecting a monument to the late Col. Robert G. Shaw bids fair to result successfully.

—In Newbury, Vt., four persons have held the office of town clerk for the past 118 years.

—872 vessels are in port in New York, awaiting cargoes,

—Elevated railway projects for Boston are up before the Legislature.

—The bond of the Postmaster of this city has been reduced from $200,000 to $40,000.

—Senator Wade Hampton, of South Caro lina, has never regained his former health since the accident which cost him one of his legs.

—Congress is in part engaged about the nominations of Census Supervisors.

—The stock market of Boston is at present in a very active condition.

—The Williams College Alumni Association held its thirteenth annual reunion at the Parker House, in this city, on Thursday evening last.

—The tragedy at Groton causes profound excitement among the people of that neighborhood.

—The sister of Mr. Gladstone, the British parliamentary leader, is dead.

Editor's Table.

☞ *Harper's Magazine* for February is an exceptional good number. It contains continuations of the serious novel of Blackmore and the lighter one of Black, besides a couple of short stories by E. E. Hale and L. H. M. Byers, Bartram, the Quaker botanist of Pennsylvania a hundred years ago is treated biographically by Howard Pyke. An article on foreign "tips," or money-giving to servants and others, is illustrated in a bright way by Reinhart. A Venetian breviary is described by Mrs J. W. Davis. There is a sketch of Washington as a burgher and neighbor, by W. T. Carse. The Republic of San Marino is described by Hon. John Bigelow. The Percheron horse is set forth in all his qualities by A. B. Allen. A. A. Hayes, Jr., contributes a Colorado mining article. Hector Berlin, the novelist, is discussed by Miss Emily Royals. There is an article on Mr. Linton and the art of wood engraving. And Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, contributes an Indian poem—The Drop Star. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Breakfast for Two*, by Joanna H. Matthews, is the story of the rescue of a couple of little street Arabs by a benevolent young lady, who, by continually appealing to the living spark of their better natures within them, lifted them out of their life of degradation and started them in a career of usefulness and honor. The book takes its title from the opening incident, which describes the two boys surreptitiously making a breakfast upon rolls stolen from where the baker has left them upon the doorstep, and which they are dipping into a pitcher of milk left in the area by the milkman. Miss Matthews believes that the proper way to reform boys is by treating them kindly, and not by *forcing* them to do right. Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ *Lippincott's Magazine* for February gives an account of the fortunes of the Principal Bonapartes in Exile, and an article against Decorative Dogmatism is begun by M. G. Van Rensselaer. There are sketches descriptive of rural life in Virginia, remote from the tide of civilization and refinement; of the Ottawa, Can., lumber business and its resources; of the delta of the Sumasinta, a river in Mexico; of the ancient city of Roueu; of Kansas City; and of certain of the Hebrides Isles. The novel by the author of "Dorothy Fox" is continued; there are three new tales in the number; there is a commentary on the Hunt exhibition of paintings and sketches in this city; and the editor's department is sparkling and readable. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly* for February contains chapters 3 and 4 of The Undiscovered Country, by W. D. Howells; poems by Longfellow, Boyeson, Susan Coolidge, and others; essays by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Ellis, C. P. Cranch, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Richard Grant White, on a corresponding variety of subjects, a short story by Miss Woolson; reviews of new books; and The Contributors' Club. It is a fresh, sparkling, and readable number. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *The Popular Sciences Monthly* for February offers the following interesting table of contents; A Historic Inquiry into the Origin of Criminal Law after the establishment of governments, by W. W. Billson; a Description of Village Life in the Principality of Gothingen, by Walter Nordhoff; An inquiry into the Ancient Mode of Filtration, by Prof. B. C. Bolton; a continuation of Alexander Bain's defence of J. S. Mill; an essay on Artesian Wells in the Sahara, by Lieut Schroder, U. S. N.; a condensation of Chief Justice Daly's essay on the Map-makers before Mercator; a translated review of Count Gaston de Saporta's new work, "Le monde des plantes avant l'apparition de l'homme;" a classic on Fossil Plants and the Philosophy of Paleoutalogy; Some reprints; a sketch of Prof. Silliman; and an Inquiry into the Imperfections of Modern Harmony. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Good Company*, Number 5, contains four stories; A Basement Story, by Edward Eggleston, author of "Hoosier Schoolmaster;" The Mystery of Gillyflower Inn, by Lizzie W. Champney; A Hard Bargain, by Horace E. Scudder; and Greek meets Greek. Its sketches comprise—Acer Saccharinum, or the story of the making of maple sap; Roman Mosaics, giving some experiences of a traveller in Rome at the time of Victor Emanuel's and the Pope's death; and Impressions of Washington. There is also a paper on Bismarck, by George M. Towle, and one by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, on The Problem of Protestantism, in France. Other essays and tales diversify this issue, which presents an attractive array of writers and contributions. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ We are indebted to Chas. P. Preston, Esq., Secretary, for a copy of the *Transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society for* 1879, with the Fifty-seventh annual address, by Hon. Geo. B. Loring, of Salem. It makes a stout and handsome pamphlet publication, and is issued by order of the Society. The Address is of a high character, and of general as well as specific interest, and adds to the reputation of its distinguished authors. The Transactions will well repay a thorough perusal, and will be found full of interest and instruction.

BABY SAVED.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.

☞ The Syracuse Chilled Plow has many friends.

AN OLD LADY'S GRATITUDE.

A lady 70 years of age expresses great gratitude for the benefit she has derived from Warner's Safe Bitters, and declares her belief that the remedy is a certain specific for dyspepsia.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 13

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* dec20

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 8th inst., by Rev. E. C. Bolles, Mr. Irvin Bessy of Peabody to Miss Grace F. Marble of Salem.

In this city, 15th inst., by Rev. William Lamson, Frederick D. Nowell of Boston to Emma A. Basford of Chelsea.

In Milford, Mass., Jan. 15th, by Rev. Adin Ballou, Mr. Melvin A. Underwood of Milford to Miss Clara I. Babbitt of Springfield.

In Weymouth, Jan. 14th, by Rev. Edmund Dowse of Sherborn, Mr. Alexis H. French of Brookline to Miss Alice Blanchard, daughter of the late John W. Loud of Weymouth.

In Littleton, Mass., Jan. 14th, by Rev. William Sewell, Herbert F. Shaw of Belmont, Mass., to Mary L. Houghton of Littleton, Mass.

In Waltham, 14th inst., by Rev. J. C. Parsons, William A Warren to Emma D., daughter of Edwin Bowker, Esq.

In Newburyport, 14th inst., by Rev. W. W. Newell Jr., assisted by Rev. W. W. Newell, D. D., Mr. Thomas Simmons to Miss Laura E. Smith.

In North Abington, 15th inst., Edwin Francis Holmes of Boston to Miss Sarah Frances Pratt of North Abington.

In Dorchester, 15th inst., by Rev. George A. Thayer, Mr. Eugene Simmons to Miss Caroline C. Peterson.

In Newton, Mass., by Rev. George W. Shinn, Frank H. Peck to Lunna A., daughter of Rollins A. Kempton, both of West Newton, Mass.

In Stoughton, 14th inst., by Justus H. Nelson, Mr. Loring H. Tucker to Miss Alice M. Porter, both of Stoughton.

In Manchester, Mass., 1st inst., by Rev. Mr. Gleason, Mr. Samuel W. Simonds of Lawrence to Miss Mary F. Senter of Manchester and formerly of Nashua, N. H.

DEATHS.

In this city, 16th inst., Charles A. Smith, 64 years.

In this city, 14th inst., Richard Hayward, 67 years.

In this city 21st inst., Eugene L. Norton, 64 years 9 months 27 days.

In this city, 19th inst., Surgeon-General J. Winthrop Taylor, U. S. N.

In Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Clarissa Bascroft, 84 years 10 months.

In Cambridge, 14th inst., Abigail Hart Parker, 78 years 6 months.

In Cambridge, 17th inst., Samuel M. Lovejoy, 43 years.

In Cambridge, 17th inst., Harriet Hosmer, daughter of Loden and Cornelia Carr.

In Quincy, 16th inst., Sarah Reed, 87 years.

In Milford, Mass., 7th inst., Mr. Jesse Bailey Cross, 54 years 9 months 2 day.

In West Brookfield, 9th inst., Harriet Wright, wife of Henry Allen, Esq.

In San Francisco, Cal., 9th inst., Col. John F. Sherburne, youngest son of the late J. N. Sherburne of Portsmouth, N. H., 49 years 6 months.

In Everett, 18th inst., Mrs. Sarah B. Chadbourne.

In Waltham, 18th inst., Miss Sarah Elphelet Porter Crafts.

In West Roxbury, 19th inst., Mrs. Lucy White Chapin, widow of Aaron Chapin, 82 years 10 months.

In Waltham, 19th inst., J. W. Parmenter, 63 years 8 months.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 24.

Amount of Stock at market:—

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Sheats	Fat Hogs.	Veals
This week..	3475	7629		11902	48
Last week..	3140	7404		12938	24
One yr ago.	3670	6111		13770	23
Horses.....			135		

Prices.

Beef—per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $4 75 @ 5 25; first quality, $5 75@6 50; second quality, $5 00@5 50; third quality, $4 50@4 75; a few choice single pairs, $7 50@7 75; some of the poorest, bulls, &c., $4 00@4 25.

Working Oxen.—$100, 130@160; handy steers, $40@110 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Young Calves.—Fair quality, $30, @35; extra, $40@50; farrow and dry, $10@35.

Fancy Cows, $55@60.

Stores.—Thin young cattle for farmers—yearlings $7 00@14 00; two-year olds, $12@28; three-year olds, $20@35.

Sheep. Wool—Per lb. live, 4 @5cts; extra, 6¼ @ 6c. Sheep and Lambs ₩ head, in lots, $2 50@6 00; @ —. Lambs @ c ₩ lb. Sheared Sheep— @ c. Spring Lambs @ c ₩ lb.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 6½@ cts, live weight; Shotes, wholesale, @ c; retail, @ c. NY Pigs, @ Northern Dressed Hogs, 8½c.

Veal Calves.—4½@5c. ₩ lb.

Hides—Brighton, 8a8½c ₩ lb; country lots, 7½@ 8c.

Calf Skins.—12@ c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 4@4½c; country lots, 4@4½

Pelts—$1 50@$2 25 each; Country lots, $1 00@ $2 25.

Sheared Skins, c@ ; Lamb Skins, @ each.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine.....	341		New York.	120	
N. Hampshire	107	671	R Island....	....	
Vermont....	392	1635	Western..	2813	5000
Massachusetts	12	295	Canada....	5	
Connecticut.					
Total.....				3475	7629
Left over.....					

CATTLE AND SHEEP BY RAILROAD.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Fitchburg....	227	930	Eastern..	341	
Lowell....	82	16 0	Boston&Me.		
Boston & Alb.	2813	6000	On foot&boats	12	
Total.....				3475	7629

Drovers & Droves. Cattle and Sheep.

Maine.	Cattle.	Sheep.		Cattle.	Sheep
Backliff & Howe	76		C P Burke.....	11	22
J Weiler & Son..	53		W W H Walker	2	95
Libby & Son....	32		W Hicker.....	2	211
Phenney & Libby	6		R E French & Son.....	18	375
G P H Frost....	19		H H Thomas....	6	34
M. Poupilly....	18		S W Gregory....	20	
H O Field	21		S M Flint.....	6	101
G P H Jewett...	18		A B Edwards..	15	13
G Wells.....	18		H Ferguson	4	68
G Sawtelle.....	33		A C Kibling....	6	36
G W Coolidge...	19		N K Campbell....	4	
New Hampshire.			H Hastings	5	
S F Rossiter....	9		C Downer.....		108
D A De

NEWS SUMMARY.

Cotton advanced 1-16 of a cent, opening at 12 11-16 cents and closing at 12 3-4.

Cheese has advanced to 73 shillings in Liverpool, which is an advance of 2 shillings. In New York the price is unchanged.

F. G. Strickland's hotel at Bloomfield, Ct., was burned Thursday, Jan. 15; loss $3000; insured.

Charles Lane of Brattleboro', Vt., recently slipped and fell on the ice, breaking his left shoulder.

One day last week a young lady in Falmouth, Mass., gathered a fine lot of trailing arbutus in full bloom.

Philip Wilbert was arrested in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday last, on a charge of killing Thos. Connors in a quarrel.

The Catholic parsonage at Norwich, Conn., was damaged $8000 by fire on Friday, Jan. 16; insured for $17,000.

On Sunday last, Francis Liel, a German, shot and fatally wounded George M. Hoffman at Stroudsburg, Penn.

Mrs. Samuel Hayes of Napanee, Ont., was burned to death Friday night, Jan. 16, by her clothes igniting from the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

At the Vermont Insane Asylum during the past year only 18 have died out of the 450 resident patients.

Daniel Dodge, for more than fifty years a Baptist preacher in Machias, Me., died Thursday night, Jan. 15, aged 80 years.

Bird's-eye-peck packing establishment in Cincinnati was burned Monday, involving a property loss of over $200,000.

A St. Louis despatch says that over a million bushels of grain have gone southward within the last few days.

A gang of counterfeits are reported at Cincinnati, N. Y. A large number of bogus fifteens and $1 coins are in circulation.

Frank Smith and John Stoffel quarreled over a game of pool at Cincinnati Sunday night, when Stoffel killed Smith with a penknife.

Miss Imelinda Gibson of Fitchburg, Mass., an aged lady, and descended from Fitchburg's earliest settlers, choked to death while eating supper Saturday night.

Edward Smith of Braintree, Vt., had his nose broken and two severe gashes cut in his face by being thrown from his sleigh against a stone wall.

Patrick Miller, aged 35, of Lubec, and Matthew Post, aged 23, of Campobello, Me., were drowned in St. Andrew's Bay on Monday. Their bodies were not recovered.

Mrs. John Noyes of Lyndon, Vt., fell and broke her hip a few days ago, and as she is nearly seventy years old and very heavy, she will not be able to walk again.

The last season's peach crop in Delaware reached 1,200,000 baskets, for which there received over a million and a half of dollars were received.

Blackbirds, robins, meadow larks and golden-winged woodpeckers were seen in Windham county, Conn., last week, while in some parts the leafbuds of honeysuckles grew half an inch.

The commanding officer at Columbia, Penn., reports great damage to private property and loss of life in that vicinity by storm, and the military post and headquarters were damaged to the extent of $300.

William H. Atkinson and William Cates are under arrest at Newburyport, Mass., for stealing and destroying property valued at $1000, on board the steamers City of Fredericton and Charles C. Mather.

For the week ending January 14, 915 cases of boots and shoes were shipped from Middleboro, a loss of 89 cases over last week, but a gain of 511 over the corresponding week of last year.

The dwelling and barns of H. H. Harmon at Bennington, Vt., were destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, Jan. 17, together with a quantity of live stock; partially insured; incendiary.

$2500 worth of jewelry stolen from the New Haven dwelling of Mrs. L'Aignoux on Christmas Day has been recovered from a clapboard hawnbroker, to whom the thief sold it for $125.

Jim Robinson, keeper of a cigar store at 97 North Kinzie street, Chicago, was shot on Saturday morning by George W. Smith, during a quarrel. The murderer is under arrest, and has confessed his crime.

The barque Harrison G. Johnson of Newburyport, Capt. Colby, arrived at Boston on Sunday, after a passage of 142 days, from Iloilo (Philippine Islands), bringing a cargo 35,000 bags sugar.

The jury in the Hayden murder case at New Haven disagreed and has been discharged. The special term of the court has adjourned and the prisoner sent back to jail. Hayden's counsel will move for his release on bail.

The oldest male resident of Pittsfield, N. H., is Joseph Stiles, who is 92. He is a pensioner of the war of 1812. When 15 years of age he made a profession of religion, and has since been a consistent Christian. He performs considerable labor, and in pleasant weather walks to church.

Dr. John A. Mead and Joel M. Haven have bought the Bates House, Rutland, for, it is said, $120,000. The purchase includes the stores in the block and the furniture and fixtures in the hotel, and fixtures in all the stores, save one.

Mrs. Maria L. Crew, 28 years old, a native of Maine, wife of Joseph Crew, 31 years old, of Prince Edward Island, living on Long Island, Groton Ridges, Mass., was found lashed about 8 o'clock last Saturday morning.

The news from Japan is very interesting. The great fire at Tokio on the 26th of December destroyed 15,000 houses, leaving 100,000 people homeless. About 100 people were killed. It is said that Japan proposes to discriminate against American produce in her leaving customs dues.

The British steamer Blenheim, Capt. Bell, arrived Saturday from Demerara, with 914 casks and 1658 bags sugar. It is understood that other British steamers will engage in the business of bringing sugars from the West Indies to Boston, which has heretofore been done exclusively by sailing vessels.

Joseph Beamer of Blackstone, seventeen years of age, jumped from the Boston and Albany Western Express, near Framingham, Sunday night, striking a telegraph post and killing him instantly. His body was terribly mangled. He desired to get off at this station, at which the train did not stop.

William Conway, 12 years of age, met with a serious accident at Studley's box mill, Medway, Mass., Saturday morning, by getting his clothing in a belt. He was carried rapidly over the shafting, and, when rescued and examined by Dr. J. C. Gleason, it was found that both ankles and the left wrist were broken. He also received internal injuries. It is thought that he cannot recover.

Some scoundrel recently broke into the stable of James M. Stone of Carver, Mass., and cut his horse, in all four legs, through the flesh and tendons, nearly to the bone, so that the poor brute had to be killed the next morning. The animal was a good family horse worth about $100. At the same time the villain broke several windows in Mr. Stone's house. It is thought the perpetrator is known, and efforts will be made for his arrest.

Saturday evening about 6 o'clock Mr. Joseph Watson, of Natick, an old and much respected citizen, and a prosperous hardware merchant, met with a very serious, and it is feared, fatal accident. While driving up North Main Street, seated on an oil barrel, in his express wagon, his horse became frightened and ran, throwing Mr. Watson to the ground. His head struck on a granite curbstone, and he was picked up insensible. His right side is paralyzed, and his brain is probably injured.

The schooner Josie Johnson of Portsmouth, N. H., is credited with landing a halibut last week, weighing 180 pounds, the largest ever caught. The average weight of the cod is about eight pounds, and the largest specimen alluded to by Dr. Storer in his report on the Fisheries of Massachusetts, weighed 107 pounds. Capt. Geo. H. Merrin of Gloucester, took one off Cape Cod in 1878, which whighed 111 pounds when dressed, and another in Ipswich Bay last year which weighed 99 pounds when landed, and probably 105 pounds when taken from the water.

Just before 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon Margaret Anderson, alias Stella Varelle, who lived in a house on Sudbury Street, Boston, on Monday night, was brought before Judge May of the Municipal Court and arraigned on a complaint for murder. The defendant was represented by John F. Cronan as counsel, and, waiving examination, was fully committed till the 30th inst. James Tolan, James McQuade, Nettie Warner, Josephine Fay and Mary Tibbits were held as witnesses, and in default of bail in the sum of $1000 each were committed to jail. While the complaint was being read the prisoner manifested slight emotion, but her features soon assumed their usual hardened look.

WALTHAM FARMER'S CLUB.

[Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.]

The sixth meeting of the Club was held at the residence of General Banks, Tuesday evening, January 15th; subject, "Milch Cows; the Best Breeds and Management in Regard to Health; The Effect of Different Kinds of Feed on the Quantity and Quality of Milk." Leaders, A. T. Pierce, B. L. Cutting, H. F. Warren, A. B. Potter.

Mr. Pierce—We keep mostly grade Ayrshires; we consider these grades better on the whole than the pure bred. Much depends on the care and feeding for the best success in producing milk. Cows are often overfed or fed too often. We feed but twice a day. In the morning roots, brewer's grains and shorts, a similar mixture with hay, so that they are kept eating till about seven o'clock. They are then watered and not fed again till four o'clock. They are watered twice a day, and when stormy are not turned out. We raise our own stock and prefer to have them "come in" when between two and three years old. Though we had one come in at thirteen months and proved an excellent cow.

Mr. Cutting—The best breed with me is the Dutch crossed on the Ayrshire. I feed my cows in the stall the year round. I feed rye first in spring or early summer and corn fodder later. I often cut my rye three times. In winter I steam the feed and find it but little trouble and expense. I am able to feed my cows on swale and salt hay, which steamed with vegetables of any kind with a slight addition of grain of any kind, they will eat up clean and the milk is of good quality.

Milch cows need the best of care and cleanliness. This is secured by properly arranged stables. A platform 4 1-2 feet wide with half an inch incline—not two or three inches as is too often the case—and a trench in the rear 8 or 10 inches deep. I bed my cows well which adds to their comfort and cleanliness. This is changed three times a week and the floor swept to remove the dust and dirt.

I feed twice a day, feeding what was steamed the day before. First in the morning and by nine o'clock, they have eaten all up. I feed the same again at night. I water but once a day, as I found by observation that cows left to themselves, drank but once a day and that before noon. They should be fed regularly, as any irregularity in this respect, sensibly reduces the flow of milk.

Mr. Warren—I never owned or milked a cow in my life, andsome mistake must have been made in putting my name down for this topic. But I have obtained a substitute in accordance with the rules of the Club and Mr. Joseph Cutting will speak for me.

Mr. J. Cutting—I feed first quality of early cut English hay with roots, which should be fed once a day, or at least, three times a week. I feed three times a day and water twice. I feed a good deal of corn meal, as I find it improves the quality and quantity of milk. I think the trench in the rear of the platform on which the cows stand should not be over six inches, as if deeper the cows when they step off may be wrenched by the jar. I do not bed my cows but keep the platform clean.

Mr. Potter—I think most highly of the Jerseys, both for butter and milk. By proper selection the Jerseys can be found to give a good quantity as well as quality of milk. I have one that gives almost twenty quarts a day—19 1-2 as measured. In fine pleasant weather my cows are turned out, but not otherwise. The stable is thoroughly ventilated every morning. I soil my cows as it is termed, feeding rye and corn fodder.

At this point in the discussion, General Banks suggested to the President that they had some milk mixed with coffee in another room and the large company soon filed off into the spacious dining-room where many excellent things besides the milk-infused coffee were awaiting them.

On the restoration of order, Dr. R. S Warren said: I once had a thoroughbred Durham which was an excellent cow. In four years I raised four heifer calves from her got by a thoroughbred Ayrshire bull. Two of these I sold for $50 each and kept two myself, and all made excellent milkers both in quantity and quality. We hear of late of the escutcheon of the cow; I want to know if any member of the Club has any acquaintance with the subject.

President Smith—I heard a paper read at the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture at Greenfield last fall, but think Mr. Benjamin Wellington can tell us something upon that and other matters of interest in relation to milch cows.

Mr. Wellington—I have observed the escutcheon and have no doubt much may be learned from it of the character and habits of the cow, but am not learned in the matter myself. I now have a grade of the Dutch as the native and other breeds which I like much. I have a thoroughbred Dutch bull which is black with a wide belt of white around his body and every calf he gets whether on native, grade or thoroughbred cow, has just the same mark. I have seen fifty at least, my own and my neighbors, and all have the same mark.

General Banks—Read an extract from a recently published poem, the title of which is the "Light of Asia," purporting to give an account of the care taken of herds five or six thousand or more years ago, showing how in the infancy of the race great care in selection produced the choicest herds, the cows of which afforded the richest milk, the virtue of which was such as to revive the wasted energies of a god.

During the evening a summary discussion sprang up on the adulteration of milk and Mr. Edward Jones remarked that a milk inspector had recently said that ten per cent of water in milk could not be detected and rather encouraged the use of a coloring substance to give the look of richness to milk.

Mr. J. C. Sharp—It is said that a man cannot sell pure milk, the customers prefer the manufactured or adulterated article.

Mr. E. B. Armstrong—The facts are the public has been deceived so long that they look with suspicion upon the pure article when they see it.

Mr. J. R. Farnum—spoke of the richness of the milk of the Jerseys, he said he had some that would give near twenty quarts, but had some that would furnish from twelve to fourteen pounds of butter a week.

The Seventh meeting of the Waltham Farmers' Club was held at the residence of Francis Buttrick, Esq., and notwithstanding the rain there was a numerous attendance of the members.

The subject of the evening was "Farm Law." Leaders, Nathan Warren, Elliot A. Harrington, J. C. Thorp, A. J. Lathrop.

Mr. Warren—I listened to the lecture of Judge Bennett, at the meeting of the Mass., State Board at Hingham last winter, and was so much impressed with the importance of the subject that I proposed it to our programme committee of last season, which accounts for my being put on as one of the speakers.

The laws relating to the rights of the farmer, whose land abuts upon the highway, are not usually understood. It is said all have equal rights in the road, but this is not so. The stranger has the right to pass along the road, but the owner of the land along which the road runs has other rights. He has the right to the trees or the grass or whatever grows by the side of the road, and even the turf and the soil, which he can remove if he does not interfere with the convenience and safety of the traveller or the necessity of the surveyor of the highway. The fruit which grows beside or hangs over the road and drops by the side of the road the public or traveller has no right in. The owners of the land adjoining the road is not obliged to maintain a fence along their line of the road, and if any cattle astray in the road enter the land the owner of such estrays is liable for the damage as much as though there were a fence, but if a drover is driving his cattle along the road, using ordinary care, and the cattle stray upon the land, doing damage, if the owner of the cattle uses diligence in restraining them he is not liable for the damage.

In the matter of division fences, abutters of improved land other than wood land are compelled to be at equal expense in maintaining the fence. But if one has a wood lot he is not bound to fence it and if the owner of adjoining lands wishes to depasture his, he must maintain the whole fence or be liable to trespass if his cattle get into the wood lot of his neighbor.

A man on the public may use a way across a man's land for more than twenty years and yet not gain a right of way. The use of the land or way must be against the wish and adverse to the possession of the owner in order to gain the right of way by law.

The description in a deed of the quantity of land on the length of the boundary lines, are controlled by the bounds themselves where given, so that the "more or less" usually added in a deed are of little account. If a man's deed bounds his land "to the line or side of the highway," it includes no part of the highway; but if the land be bounded on the highway or to the highway, it extends to the middle of the highway. So if the land lie upon the seashore and the bounds be to the sea, ocean, bay or river, (if of tide water), the bound extends to low water mark; but if the bound be to the "shore," then it extends only to high water mark.

In great ponds or ponds of more than ten acres in extent, the public has a right of fishing unless stocked under the late fishery laws, and persons have a right to travel over the lands around that pond for the purpose of fishing. A man, who was annoyed by persons crossing his lands to fish in a pond adjacent, turned a cross bull into the pasture to put a stop to it without giving notice to the public of the character of the animal and was compelled to pay damages to those injured by it on their way to the pond.

The law of contract, for the services of help on the farm, is important if a farmer hires a man for ten months at so much a month and without reasonable cause given by the farmer, if the man leave, he cannot recover for any part of the labor done, and if the farmer turns him off before the time expires without sufficient cause given by the man hired, the farmer is liable for the stipulated wages for the entire time.

Another important theory to farmers and gardeners is the liability of seedmen if they sell seed which proved not to be genuine or what they purported to be, even though the printed label upon the package warned the buyer that the seedman would not warrant the seed to be genuine.

At the close of Mr. Warren's remarks a general discussion arose upon the liability of the owners of vicious animals on the owner's premises, the liability of seedsmen, the right of way, &c., when at a hint from Mr. Buttrick, the President announced a recess and a right of way was soon opened to the dining room, where great unanimity prevailed after the Divine blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Fales, in discussing the abundance on the attractive table. On the restoration of order, the president called on the next speaker, E. A. Harrington, Esq. The matter in relation to the liability of the owner of vicious animals was left a little unsettled, but it is well settled that the owner of a dog known to be vicious at large on the owner's premises, is liable for any damage to a person who may have business at the house or premises, even though there be a sign up "Beware of the Dog." Any one has a right for a lawful purpose, to enter the premises and approach the house of another unmolested.

In a deed of real estate the farmer and others should bear in mind that without the word "heirs," that is, "to the buyer and his heirs" the deed is inoperative for more than his lifetime. If a deed is made to a man and to his assignees forever, or to a man "so long as grass grows and water runs," it still gives only a life estate. If a man buys land that includes what is upon it also the fences, the buildings, the trees and the like without their being named, and a fence which had been upon the place be taken down, and left, it belongs as has been said, to the place; but a building which has been previously taken down, and the material be left on the place this does not pass with the land.

In the matter of contracts with hired help which is from week to week or month to month, neither the man who hires nor the one who is hired, can terminate the contract without reasonable notice to the other. And while a man hires another he is liable for his acts done. As for instance, a servant driving the owner's team in the highway in a careless manner and so runs into or damages another or his team or property, the owner is liable for the damage done.

As to the rights which a farmer has to a brook or water-course flowing through his land, he has a right to use the water for domestic purposes and for irrigation while flowing, but he has no right to monopolize the whole, or he diverts it from the original channel on his own land he must return it before it reaches the land below.

Mr. Thorp read a short essay on the subject of law in general, showing the rise and progress of the science of law, as the civilization of the people improved. "Laws are said by an eminent jurist to be the soul of a people." If this be true, proceeds the essay, they may be regarded as utterances expressive of the highest wisdom of those by whom they are enacted.

Mr. Lathrop read a more extended and very carefully prepared paper on the titles to real estate in England, France and the United States, and the reflex influence upon the character, happiness and prosperity of the people of the three countries. And it was made plain that the complicated, cumbersome and expensive modes of conveyancing, and the laws of tenure in England whereby the ownership of the soil is held in the grasp of a few, some of whom own hundreds of thousands and even millions of acres of the soil of England, are anything but a blessing to the people.

General Banks—In the matter of the liabilities of the seedman, he may take every pains in his power, and if he does this he is not liable to the buyer, for the buyer may be himself at fault in the planting of his seed improperly. Many vegetables it is known are exceedingly sensitive, so that they will mix and deteriorate even when planted at a distance.

And a word in relation to the taking of land by the Massachusetts Central or other railroads. The authorities of the road have a right to enter to make surveys and to locate their road before they ask leave or make terms with the owner. But after the road is located they cannot take a man's land until they have paid or given sufficient security to pay whatever damage may be done.

Judge Luce was called upon by the president to state his views upon any points of farm law that came to his mind.

Judge Luce—I have been much interested in the discussion. The subject is an important one to farmers, and it is well that attention is thus called to the matter.

One thing as to the liability of the farmer for the acts of his servant or hired man "in driving his team." It that servant were sent to Boston, and he should willfully drive off in some other direction, and while thus out of his line of duty, should, by his carelessness, cause a damage or injury, the farmer or owner of the team would not be liable. Or if, while on his way to Boston, he should willfully and maliciously run into and injure another person or his property, the owner would not be liable. AGRICULTURAL.

ST. LOUIS.

Cattle.—Active; supply better; choice to fancy shipping steers, $5.10@5.25; good to prime, $4 60@5 00; cows and heifers, $2.50@3.62½; feeders, $3.50@3.87½; corn-fed Texans, $3.25@4.00.

Sheep.—Firm; supply plenty; light muttons range $3.25@4.00; heavy, $4@4.75; export sheep wanted; bring $5@5.20.

Hogs.—Fairly active; light shipping, $4.20@4 30; packing, $4.40@4.60; butchers' to fancy, $4.60@4.70.

HOARSENESS.—All suffering from *Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness* will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages and stage routes are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and barky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar coated, and a little larger that mustard seed, but compound of highly concentrated vegetable extracts and are warranted to cure all irregularities of stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

☞ The *Lowell Courier* says Hood's Sarsaparilla "is fast growing into use, and doing much good. This is no 'patent medicine,' but a preparation of a standard article for specific diseases, and its effect is said to be very marked. The testimonials which they give are bona fide from parties who have used the preparation, and cheerfully give their testimony as to its worth. Those afflicted with scrofula, billiousness or general debility should try this remedy. Hood & Co. are careful and experienced pharmacists, and their preparations can be relied on." Ja3-1m.

BETTER TIMES.

The business revival and new era of prosperity which has commenced are in keeping with the increased health and happiness all over the land resulting from the general introduction of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. "The changes wrought by this remedy," says Rev. Dr. Harvey, "seem but little less than miraculous."

HOW THOREAU BORE HIS DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Col. Higginson has just ready at the press of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, a little volume containing a half dozen short but very appreciative and interesting studies of American authors. The sketch of Thoreau is noteworthy in particular as containing the following passage, never before printed, from Thoreau's manuscripts, showing with what genial and good humored philosophy he bore his discouragements:

"For a year or two past my publisher, Munroe, has been writing from time to time to ask what disposition should be made of the copies of 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers' still on hand, and at last suggesting that he had use for the room they occupied in his cellar. So I had them all sent to me here; and they have arrived to-day by express, piling the man's wagon, seven hundred and six copies out of an edition of one thousand, which I bought of Munroe four years ago, and have been ever since paying for, and have not quite paid for yet. The wares are sent to me at last, and I have an opportunity to examine my purchase. They are something more substantial than fame, as my back knows, which has borne them up two flights of stairs to a place similar to that to which they trace their origin. Of the remaining two hundred ninety and odd, seventy-five were given away, the rest sold. I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labor? My works are piled up in my chamber half as high as my head, my *opera omnia*. This is authorship. These are the work of my brain. There was just one piece of good luck in the venture. The unbound were tied up by the printer four years ago in stout paper wrappers and inscribed 'H. D. Thoreau's Concord River, fifty copies.' So Munroe had only to cross out 'River,' and write 'Mass.,' and deliver them to the expressman at once. I can see now what I write for, and the result of my labors. Nevertheless, in spite of this result, sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen to-night to record what thought or experience I may have had with as much satisfaction as ever. Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiring and better than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less, and leaves me freer."

☞ Cloves are an unopened flower of a small evergreen tree, that resembles, in appearance, the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca, or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each consists of two parts; a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up, inclosing a number of stocks and filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is in fact, the flower cup and unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown if a few leaves are soaked a short time in hot water, when the leaves soften and readily unroll.

Miss Kate Ailing, teacher at School District No. 10, Hampden, was killed Friday afternoon by the 5 o'clock train on the Canal road while on the way from school to the home of her sister. She was running on the track to reach the crossing, when her foot caught, and she fell. Her body was mutilated beyond description. She was 41 years old, and had been a school teacher for 20 years.

☞ He only knows what life means in its grandest definition who is able to put his hand up in the air while his soul feels the touch of another outstretched hand that is able and willing to save.

New Advertisements.

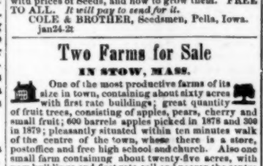
A RIGGS,
SUFFIELD, CONN.,

Proprietor of HODEL HERD of
FINE BRED POLAND CHINA SWINE.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. jan24-tf

SEED POTATOES.
OLD FASHIONED LADY FINGER POTATOES.
Price 2 cents per pound. For sale at Maple Farm, Walpole, Mass. Sent by express C. O. D.
F. B. WENTWORTH,
Walpole, Mass.
jan24-4t

SEEDS ILLUSTRATED GARDEN GUIDE, of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with prices of Seeds, and how to grow them. FREE TO ALL. *It will pay you to send for it.*
COLE & BROTHER, Seedsmen, Pella, Iowa.
jan24-2t

Two Farms for Sale
IN STOW, MASS.
One of the most productive farms of its size in town, containing about sixty acres of fruit trees, consisting of apples, pears, cherry and small fruit; 600 barrels apples picked in 1878 and 300 in 1879; pleasantly situated within ten minutes walk of the centre of the town, where there is a store, postoffice and free high school and church. Also one small farm containing about twenty-five acres, with new buildings and first rate soil and nearer the centre of the town, than the above. Any further information may be had by applying to NELSON H. BROWN, 75 Hawley street, Boston, or the proprietor,
WM. H. BROWN, Stow, Mass.
Stow, January 20th, 1880. jan24-tf



jan24-2t

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. my17-y

ROOT CUTTERS.

CLARK'S.

The above cut is represented as broken in the frame for the purpose of showing the cutting apparatus.

The Cutter is built with a heavy oak frame well bolted together, is staunch and strong, neatly finished, handsomely striped and ornamented. The cutting apparatus consists of twenty-five steel knives, (gouge shaped), so arranged on a wrought iron shaft that they are perfectly secure; no chance of becoming loose or breaking. The roots are neatly cut in pieces suitable for feeding. No coarse, ungainly pieces are left by this Cutter. A boy can easily cut thirty-five to forty bushels per hour, so easily does it do its work.

Parker & Gannett,
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE,
49 North Market Street, and
46 Merchants Row, Boston.

EARLY BIRDS
EARN THE MOST & PAY THE BEST.
LIGHT BRAHMAS, from best of stock; three trios for sale. EGGS FOR HATCHING, $2.00 per dozen; two dozen for $3.00. Pullets began laying at 7 mos. and 10 days.
PLYMOUTH ROCK EGGS at same rate.
REGISTERED JERSEY CALVES, both sexes.
jan24-3t FRANCIS GULLIVER, Andover, Mass.

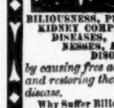
dec27

To the Honorable the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex.

RESPECTFULLY represent HORACE L. CILLEY of Cambridge, in said County, and OCTAVIA M. CILLEY, his wife, that they are desirous of adopting THEODORE WARE, a child of parents unknown to your petitioners, which said child was born in Boston in our County of Suffolk on the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1879; that both parents are believed to be beyond the Commonwealth and have no residence therein and have utterly abandoned said child.

Wherefore we pray for leave to adopt said child, and that his name may be changed to that of HORACE LOUIS CILLEY, dated this 19th day of January, A. D. 1880.
HORACE L. CILLEY.
OCTAVIA M. CILLEY.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.
On the foregoing petition, it is ordered, that the petitioners notify the parents of said child to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge in and for said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by serving them, if found in this State, with a copy of said petition and this order, seven days, at least, before said Tuesday, and by publishing the same three successive weeks in the newspaper called the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, printed at Boston, the last publication to be, at least, seven days before said Tuesday.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.
jan24-3t J. H. TYLER, Register.



I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE A perfect cure for all kinds of PILES two to four bottles in the worst cases of LEPROSY, SCROFULA, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, and SKIN, and BLOOD diseases. Entirely Vegetable. Internal and external use. I return the money in all cases of failure. Send for Pamphlet. Price $1 a bottle. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold everywhere.
nov22-eow13t

New Advertisements.

Dr. Kenedy's Prairie Weed is warranted to cure every cough from the worst Consumption down to the slightest tickling in the Throat. Out of many certificates, this is one:
Roxbury, Mass.
For five years after my return from the army I was afflicted with a severe cough and raising blood after any exertion. I commenced taking your Prairie Weed about six years ago and have not raised any blood for more than five years. I am exposed to every sort of weather in my business as letter carrier, and believe I owe my health to your Prairie Weed.
JAMES T. BICKNELL.
My circular tells the whole story of the discovery and the use of the Prairie Weed. Sold by Druggists at $1 00 per bottle. Made by Donald Kennedy, Roxbury, Mass. jan24-tc

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate
IN TOWNSEND.
By virtue of a license from the Probate Court, held at Cambridge, within and for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction on TUESDAY, the second day of March, A. D. 1880, at ten A. M., on the premises, a certain lot of land containing about 32 acres with the buildings thereon, being the homestead of the late William Davis; bounded on the road leading from Townsend Poor Farm to the house of True Robbins in Mason, N. H.; beginning at the southeast corner of the premises and northeast corner of Edward B. Richards land; thence northerly by the west side of the above said road to a corner of True Robbins land; thence westerly by said True Robbins land to a corner; thence southerly by land of Webster Smith and land of Daniel Taylor to a corner of Edward B. Richards land; thence easterly by said Edward B. Richards land to the place of beginning. Terms, $100, day of sale; balance in ten days on delivery of Deed. REUBEN BACON, Administrator.
Bedford, Jan. 1st, 1880. jan10-3t

Marblehead Seed Farm to Let.
The large Seed Farm in Marblehead, occupied for the last twelve years by Hon. J. J. H. Gregory. The land is thorough drained, very fertile and under the best and highest cultivation. This Farm has won more Society Premiums for crops than any other in Essex County. Apply to ISAAC C. WYMAN, No. 33 School Street, Office R., Boston, Mass., or at Forest River, Salem. nov15-tf

Ferrycliffe Herd of Jerseys.
BRISTOL, R. I.
Heifers and Bull Calves, also Yearling Heifers for sale. These are all sired by Gilderoy, Sweepstakes Bull, New England Fair, 1879. 1st Prize, Rhode Island State Fair, 1879. The Yearlings are in calf to Lord Clive (imported.) 1st Prize (in his class) at New England Fair and Rhode Island Fair, 1879. Lord Clive's sire, 1st Prize over Jersey, 1878, and his dam, 1st Prize, (in her class) Pennsylvania State Fair, 1879.
Eight animals of the above Herd were exhibited at the New England and Rhode Island State Fairs this fall, and in competition with nearly 250 Jerseys, won 14 Prizes, 9 of which were 1st Premiums, including Sweepstakes for best Bull of any age. For prices and Catalogues, apply to
Dr. H. H. HOWE,
No. 1606 Locust St., Philadelphia, Penna.
jan3-4t

For Sale.
HIGH CLASS BERKSHIRE PIGS from the *best strains* and imported stock. Young Boars fit for service. The public are cordially invited to inspect the stock.
Winning Farm, Billerica, Mass.
JOHN M. BAILEY, Proprietor.
nov15-tf A. A. SOUTHWICK, Manager.

THE NEWEST MUSIC BOOKS.
American Anthem Book,
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UNDER THE CASEMENT.

BY H. DRUMMOND.

What saith the roar
Of the angry winds, filled with the ocean's brine—
Shaking the casement with blustering strength—
" Hast thou brought news of my love at length ?"
" Nevermore
Shall those arms clasp love of thine."
Louder the strife—
And so she mourned like a soul whose hope is marred,
Bitterly wailing, though dry the eyes:
" Pitiless ocean, the sacrifice
Is my life;
For loving is evil starred."

The morning sun
Shone peacefully upon a peaceful shore;
Unharmed by the treacherous ocean tides
His ship in the harbor safely rides.
The goal is won;
He waits by the half shut door.
But hark—the tread
Of a stumbling foot, burdened with heavy weight
Under the casement, full in the light,
Draped in the garments of deathly white—
She lies dead.
And her lover returned too late.

Through the open, flower-dressed casement
Came the summer breeze,
Softly, with no displacement
Of the sloping seas.
" Bring the news, the time is dreary
Till the coming of the ships;
Love is lonely, weary, weary,
Till the meeting of the lips."
" News I bring thee. On the morrow
Fadeth every thought of sorrow."

So, leaning on the casement all that night
She looked to seaward, yearning for the light;
Harkening to the breezes and the sounds they bore
Of drowsy ripples falling on the shore.
At length day dawned, and stretched upon the sand,
Tangled in kelp and bound about with weed,
A few small pebbles clenched in either hand,
Stark dead he lay—a prey to ocean's greed.
Warm lips to cold lips press—and all is o'er;
Two corpses lie together on the shore.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

LULINE.

BY LUCY S. WHITE.

It was one summer long ago,—you need not know exactly when—and I had just arrived at the watering-place where I was thinking of spending the summer months, Newport? No, nor Saratoga, nor Long Branch, nor any fashionable resort you could name. I was tired, and my purse was none too heavy. Do you think I would waste my time, strength and money in any such congregation of Fashion worshippers? I chose a sleepy little town, which seemed to be nestled in the fatherly arms of some grand old mountains, while the sea was kneeling at its feet, and kissing its green summer robe, like the gray-bearded Magi who came to worship Christ long ago. The hotel wasn't far from the beach,—such a pleasant hotel, to ! It always seemed full, yet it wasn't the omnibus fullness, crowded and cro-s, but there was just room enough for the visitors, and visitors enough for the room.

But I remember I didn't see many around the afternoon I arrived. The place was as silent as Goldsmith's " Deserted Village." I asked the landlord, after I had finished my lunch, if he had no boarders at that time.

" Oh yes," he answered, with a laugh, " but you see they're going to give a sort of a ball to-night, and I guess the ladies don't want to show their crimping-pins; else they are sewing bows on their dresses, or something of that sort. That's what my girls are up to this afternoon, I believe. As for the gentlemen, I don't know where they are; feeling kind of lonely without the ladies, I reckon. Most gentlemen do seem to depend a deal on ladies' society."

" Who is invited to this ball ? "

" Oh, anybody and everybody who is boarding at the hotel—you, for one."

I sauntered off, feeling quite uncertain as to whether I, for one, would avail myself of this invitation. I had had some previous experience of how lonely one may be in a crowd of strangers, such as these boarders were to me, and I did not think I should find much pleasure at the ball.

I went down upon the beach, and walked slowly along till I came to a place hollowed out into a miniature bay. Into this a fresh water stream was flowing; not a large one, but deep, I could tell by its stillness. I began to follow its banks upward, " as I'd nothing else to do." They were green and beautiful, and dotted with wild flowers, but now and then a cluster of sharp, high rocks stood just at the water's edge, and I was obliged to make a *detour* around these before I could continue my wal .

I had just reached one of these clusters when I heard a voice upon the other side, a lady's voice. " Oh fishes, dearly beloved, especially when fried, *will* you not bite? How can I dance at the ball to-night with a light heart, if my skill is thus set at naught by you, you faithless creatures? I know you're there; I see you hiding under the stones, just as you seem to see the hook hiding under my bait. And yet that same bait is put on with the utmost adroitness, 'if I do say it myself as shouldn't.' 'Try, try again'? And *haven't* I tried again? And has it been of any use? Tell me *that!*"

Apparently this adjuration was addressed to the fishes, for as I " peeked," as the boys call it, from behind the rocks, I saw only a hat and a book lying on the ground, and near them a young girl sitting, dressed in a gray walking suit. I couldn't see her face; it was turned from me, toward the watery home of the refractory fishes, but a Mida's touch could make nothing more golden than her hair, and I thought her voice was very sweet. She neither heard nor cared, and continued; " I shan't try another once, so there! Oh dear, my line has caught on that rock!" And she leaned forward to disengage it; a little too far, for she lost her balance, slipped, and fell into the water.

The stream at that point was so shallow that I could see the white sandy bottom from my post of observation, and I knew she had nothing worse to fear than a wetting. Still, it didn't take me long to get around that rock, and to the bank, where I soon had her high, if not dry, on land again.

" I am infinitely obliged to you, sir, for saving me from the fishes' dessert-table," she exclaimed, as she came out dripping but laughing.

" Are you going to catch cold, and be sick ? " I asked abruptly.

" How should I know?" she laughed. " No, thank you, I imagine I shan't. But how did you happen to be here, just when I needed you? I didn't see you before. Have you been here long?"

" That I have not been here longer is my only regret," I answered. " I arrived just in time to hear your pathetic appeal to the fishes, and to wonder at their poor taste in not gladly allowing themselves to be caught."

" Then," she said, utterly ignoring all my lame attempts at compliments, " you know the mortifying fact that, having been here over two hours, I have caught absolutely nothing, except a ducking. As you suggest, though, I soon shall catch a cold, unless I go back to the hotel and get some dry clothes."

" I beg your pardon," I answered quietly, " I suggested the cold, indeed, but not the return to the hotel. That was, and is, most remote from my desires."

I spoke from the impulse of the moment, seeing and thinking of nothing but the little graceful, partially-wet figure before me, until a surprised widening of the blue eyes reminded me that we were as yet strangers, and that any words of mine, however honestly spoken, which might be construed into an attempt at flattery or familiarity, were out of place.

She was silent for a moment, then, seeing my growing embarrassment, she said gayly,

" Oh, you only suggest things that are in accordance with your desires. So you desire me to have a cold. Thank you, Sir. Fortunately for my health, our minds, though undoubtedly both great, do not run in the same channel. I prefer *not* to have a cold. I must therefore bid you good-afternoon."

And she had collected her belongings before I could perform the same operation with my thoughts, and was going down the path with a rapid, elastic step which soon left me far behind.

To the hotel, she had said. Good! Perhaps I should see her again. I would certainly go to the ball; it might not be such a dull affair, after all.

So to the ball I went that night, and stood in the crowded parlor, a little apart, knowing no one. I saw the flag-decked rooms, and their merry occupants. Staid old matrons, enjoying, in their comfortable seats, the gay scene before them; young matrons, on whose heads rested a coronal of grace and dignity; maidens, with fresh dresses, and fresher faces; young college students, confident of coming honors; lawyers, who had come here for the sea to wash their hands, soiled by their dusty law books, and for the breezes to sweep away the cobwebs which the law the books contained had spun in their brains; merchants, spending some of their money in gaining strength to earn more; and ministers, whose religion did not forbid them to mingle with this merry, friendly throng, and whose sermons when they went home, would be strong and fresh, and filled with the healthful fragrance of the salt air they had been breathing.

All these I saw, and more, but no fair, sweet-voiced angler. My hopes of meeting my afternoon's friend began to fade.

I was just beginning to wish that I might see some familiar face, when a hand clasped my arm, and a hearty voice exclaimed,

" Why, Mark, old fellow, if this isn't too jolly!—When did you arrive at this haunt of the graces?" And looking quickly around, I saw the well-remembered, friendly face of Frank Grayson, my college chum, whom I had not seen since the day we graduated together.

" Oh, but this *is* rare!" he went on joyously. " Who would ever have thought of seeing you here? Not I, certainly, as you may observe. Where have you been, and what have you been doing, since that most delightful of class suppers, three years ago? I never meant to lose sight of you as I have done."

And linking his arm into mine, he led me out into the hall, where, pacing up and down, we recalled " reminiscences of happy days" to our heart's content, while the dancers in the ball-room were gliding swiftly about to the strains of that same sweet delightful waltz. You who have recalled with friends the varied incidents of a pleasant college life will appreciate our enjoyment, and the almost regret with which I accompanied Frank back toward the ball-room, as he continued,

" Only came this afternoon, did you say? And don't know anyone, of course."

" Yes, I do; I know the landlord."

" Indeed! That is truly surprising, and of course very delightful. Which dance have you engaged him for? But come this way, old boy."

A little loth, I followed him, and was introduced to several young ladies, with each of whom we chatted a few minutes.

Then he said, " Mark, I have been saving the best for the last. I want to introduce you now to my mother, and my pretty little cousin." And leading me up to the two ladies he said to one of them, a tall, dark-haired woman, " Mother, this is Mark Elwood, the old college chum you have heard so much about. Mark, my mother, Mrs. Grayson."

Hardly giving me time to respond to her smiling greeting, he turned to the young girl by her side, saying, " Lulie, dear, the man I have so often prophesied as 'coming' has come. Behold the future melted into the present, Mr. Elwood. Mark, my cousin, Miss Luline Raynor. And now," he continued laughingly, " I have done for you the very best of which I am capable, Mark. The band is striking up again; *I* am going to get a partner for this dance; let me advise you to do the same."—And he was off, leaving me with the cousin he had called " pretty." " Pretty!"

It is years since last I saw Luline Raynor and yet through all my life I have had but one other as deep-dwelling memory as I have of her as she looked that night. That other is of her as she looked—but I will tell you by and by.

But how can I describe her?—this wondrous woman standing by my side, dressed in purest, softest white, with crystals, like balls of imprisoned light, gleaming among the lace on her neck and arms. She were no gold but her own gold hair, no color but the dark blue of her eyes, and—she was beautiful. What more? Can we describe beauty? Only this I know, that never, on God's earth, can there be another woman half so fair.

But the band was playing a merry wal z, and I said, " Miss Raynor, I am not original; in time-honored phrase, may I have the pleasure of this dance with you?"

" Thank you, Mr. Edward," she answered, " but I never dance the round dances."

The next quadrille, then?" she smiled her assent.

I do not remember very much about that dance. I know I made a great many mistakes in it, though I was accounted a skillful dancer, and I know, too, that after it was ended we found ourselves on the veranda, watching the glimmer of the moon through the leaves of the vines around us, breathing the enchanted air, and listening to the vesper hymn of the ocean, which floated lullingly up to us through the stillness.

" Miss Raynor," I said, " allow me to congratulate myself on finding again my friend of this afternoon, and to congratulate you on dancing more successfully than you fish."

" That is cruel, Mr. Edward; don't you know you should never twit on facts? I'll not deceive you again if you make fun of me in that style. But indeed, I can catch fish, —sometimes. I used to catch 'crabs' often, but I never do now."

" You are fortunate to have gotten beyond that period," I said, ' many never do. I remember my " crabbing' experiences very distinctly, and my delight at their long duration. I see that you boat."

" Indeed, I do, and like it dearly, too. My row boat is the pride and joy of my heart. It is my very own, you see. We come here every summer, and father said I should have a boat if I wanted one."

" What have you named it?"

" Luline. You may think it rather strange, perhaps, to give it my own name, but I had a queer fancy that if the sea should ever play me false, and I should be drowned, my boat might float ashore, and the name would tell my friends the story."

" But are you not afraid of that the sea will play you false, as you say?" I asked.

" No, I am not afraid of the sea, " for He made it," she answered reverently. " I love it. It seems to me like a great human heart:"

" Why?" I inquired, strangely interested in the fancies of this girl, at once so merry and so womanly.

" Oh, it is so large, and so restless," she answered, " and sometimes it is angry—I get angry sometimes—and then it becomes sorry, just as I do, and is calm and quiet. Then there are ways in it, and depths in it, of which the world knows nothing, and that is like our hearts." She spoke half dreamily, as if she had almost forgotten my presence.

" But unlike a heart," I said, " we leave no track upon it when we cross it, while we never can touch a human heart without leaving there some trace. Sometimes I have wished we could, but to-night I am very glad we cannot."

" Why?" she asked thoughtlessly, but checked herself with a blush as I answered in a low voice,

" Do you not know why without my telling you?"

She made no answer, and almost fearing that I had offended her, I changed the subject, asking

" What does the sea say to you to-night, Miss Raynor?"

" It says, ' Be at rest, be at rest. The world is great, but God is greater, and His loving watch will keep o'er all His children while they sleep.' To-morrow morning it will call ' come, come, come!' and I *will* come."

" So you are going out boating. Do you go before breakfast, and may I?——"

I hesitated, abashed at my own temerity, but she answered me quickly,

" Yes, I go before breakfast, and you *may* —see me off. That is, if you think the satisfaction will compensate for the loss of your morning nap."

" I'll give the matter serious consideration," I replied. " I must confess that I do not usually emulate those who get up in time to see the birds get out of bed. Like Hood, I am not a trout to rise at a fly, but if a *sail* is in question it may alter the case." But I knew then that I would do more than get up early to add one to the times that I might see her.

Here she was claimed for the Lancers, and soon after the ball was ended, but my dreams all night were of Luline, and my thoughts upon the pillow.

You may guess that it didn't take much " serious consideration " to decide me to get up early the next morning. I did so, and felt well repaid though Luline kept to her word, and wouldn't let me do more than see her off.

I saw much of her in the days that followed. I managed to be near her every day, more or less, much to the disgust of several of the other young gentlemen. One of them, I remember, took occasion to remark in a distinctly audible tone, when he knew I was right behind him, that *some* young puppies were conceited enough to force their company upon a young lady all the time; for *his* part, he didn't see how any fellow of common decency could do so, especially when it was perfectly evident that the lady was awfully bored. However, this scathing remark di.l not wound my feelings particularly, remembering Luline's words to me that very morning:

" You don't know *how* much obliged to you I am, Mr. Elwood, for delivering me from that odious man in the striped collar. Don't you think striped collars are horrible?"

I replied fervently that I failed to comprehend how any civilized being could wear them,—meantime mentally consigning the half dozen striped collars in my trunk to the depths of the rag bag.

I shall not tell you of the next few happy weeks. They are mine—my hidden, sacred treasures. I shall only tell you of the end, which came so soon, so soon. For one night Luline was missing. The sun had gone down, the evening stars were lighted, dinner was over at the hotel, and Luline could not be found. Where was she? Luline! Luline

Two or three had seen her go out on the bay in her little boat, but no one had seen her come in again.

Boats were quickly manned, and sent out to look for her. In the foremost one they offered me a place, but I shook my head.

Overshadowed by a nameless dread, led onward by mysterious fear, I hurried over the beach.—On, and on, and all I saw was the speckless ocean, and the moonlight making weird shadows on the sands. On, and on, and all I heard was the sound of the waves, as they tolled a requiem. On, and on, and, around the Point, was something lying still upon the rocks. The moon hid its face as I went near, lest it should show too plainly the figure of a woman dressed in white, the gold hair drenched and dripping, the blue eyes shut, sealed tight by death, the pale face upturned to heaven.

I had found Luline.

Only a still white figure underneath the pitying stars, and the brightness gone forever from my life.

" Oh Luline, my love!" I moaned, " Luline, come back to me!" But the cruel waves that took her life plashed at my feet for answer.—Did I say the cruel waves? No, it was God, and God is never cruel.

Luline was safe with Him, and though my arms were emptied and my treasure lost, I could kneel beneath the starlight, beside my beautiful, dead darling, and thank God that I had had her even for a little while.

By and by—I cannot tell just when, for time was nothing to me—but by and by, I took the little figure in my arms, back to the hotel; over the sands she had often gayly walked upon with me, but never would again; by the side of the restless ocean, which had done its best and worst for her.

I carried her back to the hotel, and that night there was weeping for Luline.

Long after, there was picked up, floating bottom upward in the tide, a tiny boat, and on its weather-beaten stem only " LULINE."

Ah well, that chapter of my life is done. That was many years ago; many winters have wrapped the little grave in snow-white, snow-soft " robes, since then; many summers have covered it with green grass and gold-starred daisies.

Life has brought me much of good, little ill. Only, there has never been another day as golden as the one when last I saw the glimmer of her golden hair.—The skies have never been so blue, since last they smiled in her blue eyes.

I don't complain, I never have complained. God knew the best. But I am trying to live so near to Him that sometime, up in Heaven among the angels, I may meet the sweet face of my only love, LULINE.

INTERPRETED.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The master's portrait hangs upon the wall
'Mid votive flowers; his pictures, left and right,
Hover and bend, and seem to woo his sight
With pleading look and gesture. Silent all;
Voiceless the thunders of the mighty Fall;
Noiseless the drum-beat and the bugle-tone,
The hiss of wave and spray, the rustling leaves,
The shout which hails the heaped-up harvest sheaves,
The whisper of the father to the son.
Heart clasped to heart and tearful cheek to cheek,—
Voiceless and moveless all, and yet they speak,
And he, the master, answers to his own.
" You are my best of life; stand forth and be
Interpreters between the world and me."

—Atlantic Monthly for February.

A REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESSMAN ON HORSEBACK.

It was not an altogether delightful experience for a Congressman to go to a session in the year 1778, as would appear from this extract from a record of a trip by William Ellery and Francis Dana, quoted in a paper by Colonel Higginson in the January *Scribner*; " Nov. 12th—The fore part of this day was filled with snow squalls, which proved peculiarly irksome to Mr. Dana's servant, whose Surtout was stolen from him the evening before at Johnston's by some soldier. The afternoon was comfortable but the evening was windy and exceedingly cold. The room in which we sat and lodged admitted the cold air at a thousand chinks, and our narrow bed had on it only a thin rug and one sheet. We went to bed almost completely dressed, but even that would not do. It was so cold that I could not sleep. What would I not have given to have been by my fireside? I wished a thousand times that the Old Fellow had our landlady. Our fellow lodgers suffered as much as we did, and if they had read Tristram Shandy's chapter of cruises, and had remembered it, would have cursed her through his whole catalogue of curses. What added to the infamousness of this tavern was the extreme spuality of the room, beds, and every utensil. I will conclude my story of the Sink of Filth and Abomination with a circumstance which, while it shows that our dirty landlady had some idea of neatness, must excite a contemptuous smile. The table on which we were to breakfast was so inexpressibly nasty that we begged she would put a clean napkin on it, to which this *simplex munditiis* objected that the coffee might dirty the cloth. I intended to have finished here; but the avarice of this Mass of Filth was as great as her sluttishness,—was so great that I cannot forbear noticing it. Notwithstanding we had nothing of her but a bit of a Hock of pork, boiled a second time, and some bread and butter (we found our own tea and coffee) and hay and oats for our horses; this Daughter of Lycurgus charged for Mr. Dane, myself and servant, thirty-eight shillings lawful money."

THE WEDDING CUSTOMS OF THE TOWKAS.

In central America is a country called Towka, and without doubt the Towkans, whatever else they may be, are the jolliest people in the world at a wedding. They appear to be such an ignorant race as to be unable to keep record of the age of their children, except in a manner somewhat similar to that adopted by Robinson Crusoe with his notched post for an almanac. The Towkans, however, do not notch their children. They hang round their necks at birth a string with one bead on, and at the expiration of a year they add another bead, and so on, the main object being seemingly that there may be no mistake when the young people arrive at a marriageable age. When a girl numbers 15 beads she is marriageable, but the young man possess a necklace of 20 before he is reckoned capable of taking on himself so serious a responsibility. But the wedding feast is the thing. The invited guests assemble on what answers to our village green, and set up in their midst is a canoe, the property of the bridegroom, brimming with palm wine, sweetened with honey, and thickened with crushed plantains. The drinking-cups are calabashes, which are set floating in the fragrant liquor, and seated round it, the company fall to—a mark of politeness being to drink out of as many calabashes that have been drank out of by somebody else as possible. It should be mentioned, however, to the Towkan's credit that his bride is not present at this tremendous drinking bout, or rather boat. She remains in her parents hut, and when her intended has finished with the calabashes he takes his whistle of bamboo and his " tom-tom," which is a hollow little log, tied over at each end with bits of leather, and, seating himself at the door of the dwelling of his parents-in-law in prospective, he commences to bang and tootle sweet music, until the heart of the tender creature within is softened, and they let him in.—*London Globe.*

NEWLY PAINTED ROOMS.

The danger of inhaling the vapor of turpentine has been long known, and its pernicious influence on the health is beyond all doubt, as has been verified in several cases occurring in persons sleeping in newly painted rooms, some of which have even proved fatal. Several theories, more or less plausible, have been propounded to explain the prejudicial effects of the inhalation of these vapors; but, whatever be the correct explanation, there is no doubt of the danger of occupying a room recently painted in which turpentine has been employed, before complete desiccation has taken place. It was pointed out by the Council of Hygiene, that a sudden death which recently took place in Paris was attributable to this cause, it being shown that it could not be ascribed to the lead which entered into the composition of the paint of the room in which the deceased slept; the lead, being fixed and non-volatile, cannot in these cases be accused of being the offending element.

CONVICTS ON THE SEA,

OR,

THE DOOMED SHIP OF MARATHON.

[Selected.]

We were about eight hundred miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and our ship's head pointed nearly due East. " Twelve knots an hour," says I to the skipper, in reply to " How much is she making?" The dripping log line was rolled up and the time-glass placed away in the binnacle. An extra pull was taken on the braces, the yards pressed hard against the stays, and right well did the old " Marathon" lie over from the heavy breeze that swelled our canvas to its greatest tension. I love the log again.

" How much now?" says the skipper.

" Twelve and a half, sir."

" I guess that is about all we can get out of her, with this wind; that extra pull gave her the other half knot."

In ten days after passing Kerguelen's Land, the high and irregular coast of Australia was raised from the masthead by our first mate, Mr. Bolter, who shouted the glad tidings to those on deck. No sooner had the sound of his voice died away, than a baker's dozen were running up the rattlines, eager to obtain even a distant view of the great island.

A number of us old salts, who had sailed for Australia before, contented ourselves by snuffing the air like so many porpoises.

After we had passed between Tasmania and the South Sea Continent, we caught a light breeze on our quarter and headed for Sydney. No sooner had we dropped our right bower in the river just off the town, than our vessel was boarded by the surgeon of the port, who examined our papers, and being satisfied that we were in good health, our ship was allowed to haul up near the city. The old man went ashore to make his report to the consul, but when he returned, his face wore a troubled look. He called Mr. Bolter and myself into the cabin, where to our surprise and chagrin, he stated that the consul informed him that when the cargo was discharged, he should have to press the ship into service for the government to carry a lot of convicts to Van Dieman's Land. The vessel that brought them was disabled and could proceed no further.

The skipper remonstrated against the seizure, but it was of no avail. The consul said he was sorry, but it could not be avoided—our vessel being the only one in port that would answer the purpose, and the convicts must go off without delay. This news found its way among the crew, and several of them ran away and took to the bush, not caring to risk themselves at sea with a lot of desperate men fresh from the prisons of England. The skipper quieted the fears of the rest by telling them that no danger could possibly arise, as the convicts would be heavily ironed and placed between decks with a guard over them.

On the following morning, between decks were prepared for the reception of our live freight. A strong double bulkhead was put up just forward of the cabin, and one just aft of the chain lockers, and extra bars and padlocks were procured for the hatches.

When I surveyed the work of the government carpenters my mind felt somewhat easier.

Everything being in readiness, our guests were marched down between files of soldiers. Each convict was handcuffed, and on the right ankle of every man an iron ring was fastened, to which were attached heavy chains. Six of them being fastened together, their movements were quite slow and retarded. As they filed up the gang plank to the deck, I counted eighty-seven. Some were large, powerful men; others were weak and were a sickly expression, but they all had a look of dogged determination, their closely-cropped hair and striped trousers and jackets making them look all the more savage. When number eighty-seven reached the deck, they were drawn up in line and inspected by the superintendent and his assistants. Each convict was thoroughly searched in order to see if he had any weapons.

Nothing was found, however, but what was proper for them to have. So the inspector informed us that there would be no danger, and we would soon be rid of them. The guard that was to accompany us had been selected with great care, each one having a musket, two revolvers and a cutlass. Several extra casks of water were got on board for fear we would not have enough to last during the run. As no signs of our runaways were to be had, the skipper was obliged to ship several men in order to fill his complement. One of these fellows was a villainous looking customer, and I asked the captain why he shipped such a man.

He replied that it was the best he could do. Sailors were scarce, as nearly every one was off in the mines, or stock raising. I told Captain Billows that I did not relish having such a man or board the Marathon, but he laughed at my fears, and said the man had been discharged from a Liverpool ship some two months before, and as he wished to return home, he thought he would ship on the Marathon.

The Consul verified the man's statement, which satisfied the skipper, so he had shipped him on the strength of this. I said nothing more to the old man, but determined to keep a weather eye on that man's movements. We were to put out to sea that night, if the wind were favorable. The eighty-seven men were placed between decks to remain there until morning, when they would be taken out for an airing. The guard consisted of twenty-four men, half the number standing watch while the others turned in below.

It was eleven o'clock before the wind was in our favor, and nearly eight bells when we weighed anchor. I tell you I did not sleep much in my watch below; the shouts and curses of the convicts made a perfect bedlam and would have aroused the seven sleepers. In vain the guard threatened them, but they only answered derisively and dared the soldiers to shoot.

Mr. Bolter came to my berth when his watch was out, and said he expected to find me awake, for no one could sleep with those wretches howling. So I lighted my pipe and went on deck, preferring to remain above than on a level with the banished Englishmen. Before daybreak they were quiet enough and no particular one could be sifted out for creating the disturbance, so the whole eighty-seven were sent free.

About seven o'clock they were led up on deck for an airing, and to pass inspection. After remaining three hours they were sent below again. In the afternoon about three o'clock a gale sprang up, which required all hands to reef topsails. The yards were soon manned, and I went aloft myself, as is generally the custom when all hands are called. While I was passing the weather earring and taking the last turn, I heard Shaling (one of the foremost hands, who was knotting a reef-point next to me) ask,

" Where is Barker? I don't see him on the yard."

I looked over the line of men, and sure enough he was not there. I tell you I wasn't long in getting on deck and stating my suspicions to the captain. We at once rushed forward, followed by several of the guard, and just as we reached the forecastle who should make his appearance but Barker.

The old man yelled at him: " What are you doing down there? Speak up, what are you skirking below for when all hands were called for duty?"

" I was sick," growled the scoundrel, " and could not go aloft."

" You are lying, you villain, and you know it," said the skipper. " I'll be bound you are up to some deviltry. Mr. Steeraway, just keep your eye on him till I come up."

" Aye, aye, sir," I responded.

By this time all hands had come down from aloft.

The captain soon returned and stated that he could find nothing out of the way, but I was convinced in my own mind that something was out of the way. So the old man gave me leave to go below and satisfy myself. I could find nothing, but at the same time was far from being satisfied. I asked why was Barker, of all others, down below? We told the crew of our suspicions, and ordered them to keep a look-out on Barker's movements.

As the night came on, the guard was relieved and cautioned by the sergeant to be on the alert. It seemed kind of queer to me that the convicts remained so quiet, for beyond a low conversation their voices were scarcely audible, but I, thought afterwards that probably they intended to get a good night's rest, and preferred to keep still.

I lay awake some time after turning in; but my eyes finally grew heavy, and I was in the land of dreams—away off in Boston. My mother came up to my room (I was still in my dreams) to tuck in the bed-clothes. I felt her gentle touch on the blankets; but why did she place her hand over my mouth? I opened my eyes to see the reason.

The glittering blade of a sheath knife was held before them. I knew the reason then pretty quick, I assure you, for Barker held it.

" Now, Steeraway," says he, " you just keep quiet, and you won't be hurt. Open your mouth and you won't know what hurt you."

I knew that any movement on my part would be my death warrant.

" Will you keep quiet if I take my hand from your mouth?"

I nodded my head in the affirmative, and his hand was removed. " Now, Steeraway," says he, " I am going to tie you and put a little stopper in your mouth. I won't hurt you, for I understand how to do these things."

He evidently did, for I was very soon bound hand and foot, a gag placed in my mouth, and your humble servant was rendered as useless as a dead man. The convict then left me and disappeared. I had not been alone more than ten minutes, when I heard a voice near the berth head say, " All right."

In a moment more, a light draft of air entered my stateroom, and it smelt strongly of pent up air—a sort of convict odor, so to speak.

The bulkhead had been removed and the cabin was soon crowded with prisoners. Not a sound did they make, for their irons were off, and the thought flashed quickly upon me our ship is in their hands, may the Lord have merey on our crew!

Silently they went up the cabin stairs; then I heard a quick rushing sound, shouts, yells, curses, then a few shots in quick succession; several splashes near my cabin dead light; more shouts and yells.

" Down with them! Now or never!"

" No Van Dieman's for us! Down with them!"

In vain I heard several voices pleading for mercy. But those men knew no mercy. Finally the shouts and yells ceased, then the quick hurried tramp of feet overhead. Presently a step descends the stairs, the rope binding me was cut, the gag torn from my mouth, and a gruff voice said:

" Come, Steeraway, you are wanted on deck. Lively, now."

I came to the conclusion that it was useless to deliberate, and I obeyed the order at once. It was not necessary for me to ask what the matter was. I knew that well enough at a glance.

Barker—that scoundrel Barker—was an escaped convict, and had slipped on board the Marathon for the purpose of aiding his friends, and from the appearance of things, he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations. As I emerged from the cabin, I was greeted with: " Here he is," by several of the striped jacket gentry. " Now, Steeraway, we want you to mind and do just as we tell you—or what Joe Gosshawk, the captain tells you—and you won't be hurt; but if you don't, why overboard you go. We know you can navigate: now which is it, shark's dinner or obey orders?"

Of course I did not want to ease the appetite of the jet-finned wolves that were swimming around the ship. So I told them I would do all they wished; but I wanted to know what had become of the captain and crew.

" You'd better swim after them and ask 'em what's done with 'em; all except that cussed first mate, Bolter, and we can't get no track of him, blast him," said Gosshawk, the recognized leader.

I uttered a silent prayer that Bolter might be safe, stowed away somewhere out of their clutches.

" Well, Steeraway," says Gosshawk, where are we?"

" About eighty miles from Van Dieman's Land."

" Now, then," says he, " you just fix this ship so she will be more nor that in twelve hours from now. Make her run North until I ask you again where we are."

" And mind you don't play any points, or you'll find the bottom of Davy Jones pretty quick."

I asked him then who would work the vessel.

" Why, you just give the orders and these men will work her; and mind you give them right."

" Then brace around the yards," replied I, " so I can get her on the other tack."

" All right," said Gosshawk; " tell us the ropes." I explained to them and pointed out the braces.

In ten minutes we were around and sailing almost due North.

When day broke my heart almost sank within me. The deck presented a sickening sight. Pools of clotted blood here and there, torn clothing, the remnant of some desperate struggle, and the striped convict jackets and red coats of the English soldier, were scattered over the deck.

I requested that the decks be cleared up and washed down, so that no vestige might greet my eyes of that terrible encounter that had taken place the night before. At noon, Gosshawk asked me where we were. I had just taken the sun, and found we were in 32 deg. South latitude and 173 deg. longitude East, all of which I correctly informed the convict skipper.

" Ain't the Feejees about here somewhere?" he asked.

" Yes, they are in 20 deg. latitude and 180 deg. longitude."

" Well, take us there, Steeraway, and you are free to go in the long boat just as soon as we sight land. I'll take care of the 'Marathon' myself, then."

As we still had about 720 miles to the nor'ard to make and about 420 miles of longitude, I computed the sailing distance, and found there were about 1140 miles to cover, which, deducting the difference from our actual course, would leave about 930 miles before we raised the Feejees. I reported the same to Gosshawk, who grunted anything but satisfaction. " No nearer than that? Well, keep for the Feejees anyhow."

So I kept her for the Feejees, and on the fourth day " Land, ho!" was shouted by one of the convicts who was stationed aloft. Gosshawk's eyes brightened up, and he turned to me, saying, " Well done, Steeraway."

If I had only had my own way, I would have put them on a coral reef, but life is precious, you know, even to a sailor. As the " Marathon " neared the land, which proved to be one of the group to the south'ard, Gosshawk gave some orders in a low tone to several of the men. I knew what they were immediately, for the convicts began to cast off the lashings from the longboat. " So Gosshawk intends to keep his promise," I thought to myself, and I was to be cast adrift in the long-boat.

When within fifteen miles of land the breeze died away and the old " Marathon" lay almost motionless. Gosshawk swore, and stamped the deck, but to no purpose. Kind Providence paid no attention to him. About dusk the wind made its appearance, and I got ready to stand in. " Steeraway," said Gosshawk, " I guess you will have to make a voyage in the dark; but it can't be helped."

The boat was lowered; two kegs of water, a bag of hard-tack and three or four junks of salt horse were tossed in and I was told to follow suit. As I was cast adrift, the villians shouted after me: " Good-bye, Steeraway. You have done us a good turn and we won't forget it."

I made no reply, but sat in the stern of the boat gazing after the receding vessel. After looking at her for a few moments I was overcome and bowed my head in my hands and wept. Just then a splash in the water near the boat aroused me. " A shark!" thought I. Again I heard it, and then a low voice as if from the deep: " Steeraway!"

I sprang from my thwart as if struck by a galvanic shock. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness. Presently I saw a dark form swimming towards the boat. Again the voice came over the water: " Steeraway!" Ben here knows I am not superstitious, but I confess I did feel a little awe-stricken. Before I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, a hand was laid on the gunwale, and the form of a man arose from the sea.

" It's Bolter, Joe, don't be frightened—I'm no ghost!"

That short sentence broke the spell which clung to me.

" Oh, Bolter!" cried I, in a transport of joy.

" For heaven's sake, help me in the boat, Joe! I am mighty weak. Now where's the water? That outside the boat will do to swim in, but I can't drink it."

Soon I had the water-keg to his lips, and he took a long draught.

" There! I never wanted water so bad but once before in my life; and this is what I call hard luck, Joe."

I agreed with him on that score and asked him to tell me how he escaped from the convicts.

" Why, you see, Joe, I got an inkling of what was coming, but before I could get out of the cabin the rascals were down upon us. So I slipped into the secret locker under the transom, and they looked into every place but that. Luckily, the locker contained some canned meats and fruits, so there was no danger of my starving. I overheard that fellow's conversation—the one they called Gosshawk—and I knew, Steeraway, that you were safe. I also heard him tell his cut-throat comrades what he intended doing with you, when I heard your boat lowered. I peeped from my hiding-place, saw the cabin was clear as they were all on deck to see you off. Soon as I heard the boat cast adrift I crawled through the stern window, hung by the frame for a minute or two, then dropped into the sea, swam after your boat, and here I am."

Bolter suddenly started up and cried out, " Look, Joe, if they have not set the ship on fire!"

And so they had. Before they landed they had no doubt left two or three of their number to lash the wheel and apply the torch. The flames threw a lurid light over the ocean, and soon the whole outline in fire of the doomed " Marathon " could be seen. Heavy tongues of flame ran up the tarred rigging, and rolls of fire, like a cloud, would now and then burst forth, as the sails one after another were consumed. It was a magnificent sight, but a sorrowful one for us. We watched her until scarcely a spark could be seen; when, suddenly, like a flash, the faint light disappeared, and all that once remained of the " Marathon " went to the bottom.

On the following morning we sighted an American whaler, which fortunately came near enough to see our signal of distress, and we were relieved from our uncomfortable position. Bolter and myself told the whaling skipper our story, when he at once made sail for Sidney, where the facts were laid before the English consul, who took steps to capture the short-haired villains. This was successfully accomplished.

BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

BY THE LATE W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Oh! never sink 'neath Fortune's frown.
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's " Better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year.

The damsel Fortune still denies
The plea that yet delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries,
She's coy to those who doubt and fear,
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

" Here's " Better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year!
Another year! Another year!

Correspondence.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER LI.

BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

Special Correspondence of the Mass. Ploughman.

ENGLAND.

CAMBRIDGE—CONTINUED.

We have in the previous article spoken of six of the colleges, and shall devote this article to as many more as we can well treat of in our limited space. The 7th is

KING'S.

This royal and very magnificent institution arose from the munificence of the meek but unfortunate King Henry VI., who endowed it in 1443. His misfortunes prevented him carrying out designs which would have made it to greatly excel any other college. It was aided however, by Edward IV. and Richard III., but it was reserved for his thrifty nephew, Henry VII, by devotions in his lifetime, and by will, to provide funds for the completion of the noble edifice. However pressed for space, we must employ enough to speak of the remarkable chapel, which is one of the great objects of attraction at Cambridge, and one of the most interesting buildings in Christendom. It is of what is known as the perpendicular Gothic architecture. Its length is 316 feet. The corner stone was laid by King Henry VI, July 25, 1446. The work progressed well till 1484, when it came to a standstill for want of funds, but in 1508, King Henry VII., took it in hand, contributing £5000, and his executors bestowed £5000 more in 1513. It was not till July 29, 1515, in the 7th year of Henry VIII., that the exterior was finished. This was just 69 years from its commencement. Nothing more was done till 1526, when arrangements were made for the fine painted glass windows. The elegant screen work and elaborate oak stalls were put up in 1534. All this work is very curiously carved, and was done when Anne Boleyn was queen; the west side is ornamented with several lover's knots, and the arms of Queen Anne impaled with those of the King. On this screen, in the old cathedral style, is the organ, which is of very large